

The Chariot of Israel

Britain, America and the State of Israel HAROLD WILSON

Using Cabinet papers and other important documents, Sir Harold Wilson provides a new insight into Anglo-Israeli politics, describes the stormy debate in the House of Commons and recalls the many international political figures involved over the years who have made the situation in the Middle East what it is today.

'Sir Harold Wilson, a confirmed sympathiser with Israel, has clearly put an immense amount of research into this book... frank speaking indeed from someone of Sir Harold's persuasion, and all the more impressive because of that persuasion' - SUNDAY TIMES

£14.95

Weidenfeld & Nicolson/Michael Joseph

Ambassador in Black and White Thirty Years of Changing Africa

DAVID SCOTT

Sir David Scott has written a highly personal, at times lighthearted, and often controversial account of his experiences in Africa over the past thirty years. He served under a dozen Secretaries of State and writes at first hand of many of the leading political figures in East, Central and Southern Africa during a period of vast political change. Sir David is also perhaps the only diplomat to have studied the State papers of a country in which he served. £10.95

Equality, The Third World and Economic Delusion

P. T. BAUER

Does Western aid really relieve poverty in the Third World? Does rapid population growth necessarily entail economic disaster? Is large scale investment indispensable for economic progress?

In this controversial book, Professor Bauer directly challenges many of the most influential ideas and commonly held assumptions of modern economics, and finds them often demonstrably invalid. £15.00

ALL ON SALE NOW

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MAY 22 1981

contents

ROY HARRIS PAUL SMITH	Keith Waterhouse: Daily Mirror Style K. R. M. Short (Editor): Feature Films as History	559-61
JEREMY TRELOWN PATRICIA CRAIG PETER KEMP LINDSAY DUQUID ANNE DUCHÈNE RICHARD EBERHART P. N. FURBANK HEATHER LAWTON	Fiction Muriel Spark: Littering with Intent Gillian Freeman: An Easter Egg Hunt Fay Weldon: Watching Me, Watching You Ursula Holden: Penny Links Orlana Fallaci: A Man Louise (poem) J. G. Farrell: The Hill Station Susan Barrett: The Beacon	561-3
OWEN LATTIMORE D. M. KNIGHT	Michael Schäfer: An Eye for a Horse Harold B. Barclay: The Role of the Horse in Man's Culture Stephen Jay Gould: The Panda's Thumb	564
CHRISTOPHER THORNE ALAN BROWNJOHN	Paul Kennedy: The Realities Behind Diplomacy - Background Influences on British External Policy, 1865-1980 An Orchard Path (poem)	565
FRANK CIOFFI AIDAN McFARLANE	John Forrester: Language and the Origins of Psychoanalysis Joseph Goldstein, Anna Freud, Albert J. Solnit: Before the Beat Interests of the Child	566
C. H. SISON MARK CASSERLY	E. Marita Browne with Henri Browne: Two in One Patricia Clements and Juliet Grindley (Editors): The Poetry of Thomas Hardy	567
ROBIN ROBBINS W. D. REDFERN	John Davies (Editor): Everyman's Book of Nonsense Guy Recheil and Jean-Claude Carrière: Le Livre des bêtises Jean-Pierre Brisset: La Grammaire Logique Les Origines humbles	568
ANTHONY QUINTON	Frederic Raphael and Kenneth McLish: The List of Books Information please	569
IAN BROWNIE BRIAN MONTGOMERY C. H. SISON	Geoffrey Best: Humanity in Warfare W. E. Crosskill: The Two Thousand Mile War The May Boy (poem)	570
LORNA SAGE	Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917-1961 Michael S. Reynolds: Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940 - A Commentary and Inventory	571
ANTONIA PHILLIPS DAVID BINDMAN A. L. ROWSE VIRGINIA LLEWELLYN SMITH PETER KEMP MICHAEL IRWIN GORDON BOWKER T. J. BINYON KATE FLINT	Commentary Robert Rauschenberg (Tate Gallery) Sculptors' Drawings over Six Centuries (The Drawing Center, New York) Cats (New London Theatre) Ostrovsky: The Forest (The Other Place, Stratford) Peter Whelan: The Acropolis (The Warehouse Theatre) Rough Treatment (Camden Plaza Cinema) Censorship in Poland Francis Durbridge: House Guest (Savoy Theatre) Fragments against Rita (Arts Council touring exhibition)	572-4
BRIAN HARRISON ANDREW SAINT ROBIN SEAFOER	To the Editor Among this week's contributors	575-6
W. A. SEYMOUR (Editor): A History of the Ordnance Survey Simon Jenkins: The Companion Guide to Outer London Diane Bowder (Editor): Who Was Who in the Roman World		577-8
CHRISTINE THOMSON and Frank Gibney (Editors): Britannica Book of English Usage Justin Wilde (Editor): Makers of Modern Culture		579
A. C. WARD (Editor): Longman Companion to Twentieth-Century Literature Michael Sionton and Stephen Lees (Editors): Who's Who of British Members of Parliament Edgar Jones: The Penguin Guide to the Railways of Britain		580
THE CATALOGUE OF PRINTED MUSIC IN THE BRITISH LIBRARY TO 1960 VOLUME 1 Robert Goralessi: World War II Almanac 1931-1945 Maurice Baudot, and others (Editors): The Historical Encyclopedia of World War II		581
Klaus Förster: A Pronouncing Dictionary of English Place Names Cobbe Smith: Real Facts Muriel Emanuel (Editor): Contemporary Architects By a Barrister: Everyman's Own Lawyer - 71st Edition		582
Jack Lindsay: Thomas Gainsborough - His Life and Art Miriam J. Benkovitz: Aubrey Beardsley - An Account of His Life		583
C. Dawson (Editor): There and the Ancient World Nicholas Cheetham: Medieval Greece Samuel Carter: The Final Fortress - The Campaign for Vicksburg 1862-1863 T. H. Breen and Stephen Ingham: 'Myne Owne Ground' T. H. Breen, Puritan and Adventurer David M. Kennedy: Over Here - The First World War and American Society		584
Herbert Read: Unpublished Letters on Art, Politics and Criticism Nemessanyi (poem)		585
Edward Taylor: The Christian Experience in the Modern World David Young: The Human Potential		586

The dialect of Fleet Street

By Roy Harris

KEITH WATERHOUSE:
Daily Mirror Style
11 pp. Mirror Books. £3.50.
08599 246 5

Journalism is a subject on which Keith Waterhouse writes with the authority of thirty years in journalism. The particular dialect of journalism in which he specialises is Tabloid English. Tabloid English (TE for short), although those who deprecate it may be reluctant to admit the fact, is quite a difficult dialect to master. For example, my groping attempt to translate the first three sentences of this paragraph into TE came out as follows: "If anyone can tell Fleet Street how to dot its 'i's and cross its 't's, it's, it has to be 30-year-veteran journalist Keith Waterhouse. Wordmongering for the tabloids is Keith's thing. And you eggheads can scoff, but churning out this really readable stuff is no picnic." Clearly, that would not get me a job reviewing for the *Mirror*. Within the space of three sentences, the style already has too many inconsistencies and false notes. The authentic accent of TE is missing.

The mistaken idea that TE is facile English comes from the fact that certain tabloidish features are easily parodied. But so too are certain characteristics of Cockney. That does not mean that Cockney is a sloppy version of BBC newscasters' English. Nor does it mean that the parodist need speak genuine Cockney if he is to succeed. To think that would be to fall victim to the same kind of mistake which Galsworthy perpetrated by having the servants in *Joys* drop their 'i's in the drawing-room with wooden regularity. The Galsworthys should not be singled out for this incompetence. Very few dramatists this century have had anything like a sensitive ear to the interplay of varieties of spoken English. (Perhaps the only one of those few who is still writing is Wesker.) The boys stage Americans whom theatre writers tolerate bear further witness to our unwillingness to treat English as all-much the same, but for superficially different top dressing. It

is another facet of the same oversimplification of language which dismisses journalism as just "bad English" marked by a few easily identified features of vocabulary and syntax. Even if it is far from clear that it makes much sense to call it "bad English". But in any case, there is much more to journalism than its crudely mockable mannerisms.

Waterhouse's book is not principally about the horrors of TE. On the contrary, it is a book about how to write TE well. It is a pity that few undergraduates studying English will ever be encouraged to read it by their tutors and lecturers. For this is a book from which students of English language and literature might learn a great deal, and certainly a great deal more than they are likely to learn from obscure debates about structuralism in the fens. Any enlightened university English syllabus would include Waterhouse as a compulsory text. In case that seems an extravagant proposal, let me give three reasons why it should be taken seriously.

First of all, Waterhouse does not present anything as pretentious as an analysis of TE, but something which is far more valuable: the first-hand evidence of the practitioner addressing himself to fellow practitioners. His primer was originally intended solely for internal circulation to the *Mirror* staff, and has in consequence a directness, professionalism and practicality which are rarely found in books on how to write. Here we see how the qualities and problems of TE present themselves to an articulate journalist who can reflect dispassionately on what he is doing with language and why. Very few poets or novelists have had this ability: they are too caught up in the web of words themselves. Fewer still of the self-appointed pundits who publish guides to "good English" have managed to escape the brainwashing process built into English education, which equates good English with the obsolete literary English found in conventionally canonical works of major authors. Waterhouse is a delight because he is unbrainwashed and unrepentant. He is not ashamed of TE. He offers no

question-begging apology for writing it. For he understands what he is doing, and knows it can be good.

It is difficult not to concede to Waterhouse that TE needs no apology, when he can quote passages from the *Mirror* like the following:

Almost all of Norman Scott's adult life has been dedicated to one purpose: to prove that his story about Jeremy Thorpe was true.

Wherever the Liberal chief turned throughout the extraordinary saga, he was confronted by the brooding obsession of his accuser.

For the past two years Scott has conducted his campaign from his isolated home near Chagford on the edge of Dartmoor. He makes his living schooling horses and giving dressage lessons.

He has continued to insist that he is concerned only that the truth should come out.

But his crusade has looked more and more like a vendetta against the man he blames for years of misery.

All there could be here for the most fastidious cliché-hunter to turn up his nose at is *saga*, *crusade* and perhaps *brooding*. The rest is hard to find fault with. Nor can it be objected that the Thorpe story catches the *Mirror* in an unwelcome serious mood. True, the Thorpe story is not the Monte Carlo rally. But there is language for sobor topics and language for light ones. What the *Mirror* could never be accused of is manufacturing a colourless prose-for-all-purposes, as the more prestigious "heavies" of the breakfast table come close to doing.

A second reason why half-an-hour with Waterhouse is worth a whole term's undergraduate lectures is that Waterhouse writes about modern English with a genuine sense of historical perspective. That is not at all the same as a historian's perspective. A historian's perspective is the one thing quite sure to kill most undergraduates' implicit interest in language since dead. (Unfortunately, it is the philological historians who write most of the text books inflicted upon language students; with the result that

by the end of their first week of "philology" the majority of students have reached the conclusion that linguistic studies are of purely antiquarian interest.)

Waterhouse rightly sees 1934 as a landmark in the history of modern English. It was the year in which TE first appeared. Furthermore, Waterhouse testifies that TE was not born, but invented. Now the very fact that the development of a major national language can be deliberately manipulated by a small group of determined language-planners is a truth so unpleasant to certain academic linguists that instinctively they will either deny it or seek to minimize its significance. That is why 1934 is not likely to be recognized as a key date in any of the academic histories of the English language published this century. But it was, all the same. It is no use pretending that what happened to English then was something confined to the printed column of the *Mirror*, or later of its rivals. It was not just a short-lived "style" aberration, localized in Fleet Street. For when, half a century later, a television newscaster can solemnly announce to the world, "Good evening. The dollar takes a pounding", or comment on delays in launching the US space shuttle, "The future is running a little late today", then he is speaking unadulterated TE, whether he realizes it or not. What is more, he is speaking it with that carefully measured enunciation, contrived to fudge the difference between reading and talking, which makes it a shop-window model for contemporary spoken English. Oral TE is no longer confined to the media men. The other day I heard a distinctly non-public-school youth sum up the prospects of a local football team in TE of exquisite purity: "They'll get slammed, old chap." (Aa Waterhouse astutely observes, the tabloids are the last refuge of ageing upper-class slang.)

A third reason why what Waterhouse says would repay serious consideration is this. Unlike most academics at present engaged in linguistic studies, he does not treat "the language" as an abstract set of rules leading its own independent existence, irrespective of whether in day-to-day practice people observe the rules or not. Waterhouse has an intuitive grasp of the fact that we create language as we go, just as we create our other social, political and artistic patterns of activity. That is ultimately why, for Waterhouse, language is important. It matters what we do with it. It is our responsibility. We cannot evade that responsibility by putting the blame on "them", or "the system", or "what the public wants".

As one might expect, *Daily Mirror Style* is refreshingly free from the "letters to the *Times*" variety of nonsense about British English. It does not fulminate pointlessly against the importation of useful Americanisms like *hopefully*. Nor, at the other extreme, does it deplore alleged licence in the language and propose avant-garde improvements such as unisex pronouns. It is a book which is not slow to point out the verbal rust-spots in TE's own vocabulary: *ess*, *bonanza*, *bid*, *cheeky*, *clamdip*, *dashing*, *hammered*, *miracle*, *rapped*, *spree*, *tragedy*, and many more.

What I think Waterhouse underestimates is the extent to which TE originally represented and crystallized a genuinely popular breakthrough in the social psychology of written English. Paradoxically, the underestimation does him credit. For he was one of the engineers who put the new linguistic technology into successful practice. It was never merely a lexical face-lift to the language. There is no such thing. Syntactic surgery was involved too. Thus I believe that Waterhouse is wisely cautious to take the view that in cutting out superfluous grammatical props (articles, auxiliaries, connectives) TE went beyond what was sanctioned by everyday syntax. What TE did was to systematize the streamlining. It effected a shift in emphasis from the linear structure of the English sentence (as opposed to those educationalists who were baptized in the faith that every sentence by definition must "make complete sense") to its semantic nuclei. But that merely legitimized a trend gathering momentum

Science and Society in Restoration England

MICHAEL HUNTER

On the basis of a detailed analysis of the early history of the Royal Society, Dr Hunter examines the key issues concerning the role of science in late seventeenth-century England, and his book provides the first systematic assessment of the social relations of Restoration science. Hard covers £18.50 net
Paperback £5.95 net

The Poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti

JOAN REES

This book provides the basis for a better understanding and more just appreciation of Rossetti's poetic achievement, which has received scant attention in the past: its main emphasis is on his distinctive imaginative world and the body of imagery which created it. £15.50 net

Themes in Drama 3

Drama, Poetics and Music

Edited by JAMES REDMOND

The essays in this volume range from Greek drama to Italian opera to the American musical theatre. They focus on the relationship of dramatic text to dance and music, the power of the different forms, and their interaction in the works of individual writers and national traditions. £15.00 net

John Hopton

A Fifteenth-Century Suffolk Gentleman

COLIN RICHMOND

This is a study of a relatively wealthy gentleman, John Hopton, who acquired estates at Blythburgh in Suffolk. Colin Richmond examines one particular Englishman's world, but it is also possible to suggest this as a model of the wider world of the fifteenth-century gentry. £17.50 net

New Essays on Human Understanding

G. W. LEIBNIZ

Translated and edited by PETER REMNANT and JONATHAN BENNETT

This classic work discusses much of Leibniz's philosophy and is the most important single confrontation between the philosophical traditions of empiricism and rationalism, and between the intellectual temperaments which are associated with them. Hard covers £28.00 net
Paperback £10.50 net

Learning Through Interaction

The Study of Language Development

Language at Home and at School: Volume 1

Edited by GORDON WELLS

Derived from the Bristol Study of Language Development, this book synthesizes the research to date. The authors argue that conversation provides the natural context of language development, and that the child learns through exploring his world in interaction with other people. Hard covers £22.00 net
Paperback £9.50 net

Introductions, Notes and Commentaries to Texts in 'The Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker', edited by Fredson Bowers

VOLUMES I-IV

GYRUS HOY

These four volumes match Professor Bowers' critical old-spelling edition (published by the Press, 1955-61). Gyrus Hoy provides a critical introduction and notes for each play, and an Index. Volumes I and II each £25.00 net. The set (I and II) £48.00 net. Volumes III and IV each £28.00 net. The set (III and IV) £48.00 net.

Conquerors and Slaves

Sociological Studies in Roman History 1

KEITH J. HOKINS

'Anyone interested in the ancient world, and the nature of our understanding of it, ought to give a warm welcome to this book. The *Times Literary Supplement* Paperback £5.50 net

Nietzsche on Tragedy

M. S. SILK and J. P. STERN

The first comprehensive study of Nietzsche's extraordinary book, *The Birth of Tragedy* which, though influential, has often posed difficulties because it demands a background in Greek and German culture and thought. The authors offer a joint interpretation of the book, and thereby of Nietzsche's philosophical development as a whole. £27.50 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Packaging from the pulpit

By Peter Kemp

FAY WELDON:

Watching Me, Watching You
208pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £6.95.
0 340 25600 1

Before embracing feminism, Fay Weldon wrote advertising slogans. Her subsequent fiction bears the trademarks of this background. In it, copywriting glibness is employed to push the feminist dogmas she now trades in: *idee fixe* is given the soft sell. The prose comes in tiny units, catering to the feeble attention-span. Contrast is a standard ploy: grubby huddles held up damningly against immaculate and washed-out wives. Repetition jingles through the prose: "Clothes. Oh, clothes!", "Food. Oh, food!", "Sex! Ah sex!". And the same few themes are incessantly re-played: presumably in the belief that, if something is repeated often enough, people will buy it.

Watching Me, Watching You is the usual package of *bêtes noires* and hobbyhorses. Its eleven stories house eighteen put-upon wives. Nine of these are abandoned by their husbands; six are seeing psychiatrists or being told to; three are battered; two die. Fifteen children are selfishly discarded by feckless fathers, the majority of whom callously covet with younger women. Intended to add up to a massive indictment of male awfulness, this amounts, rather, to an exercise in calculated distortion.

Unreality is furthered by minimal characterization. The husbands are wooden whipping-boys. The wives, saintly, martyred blur, are hard to tell apart. A possible *aide-memoire* is the colour of their public hair: one's is "reddish", another's "fair". But, even here, Weldon's penchant for repeating her effects defeats you: two of her girls

sport a "green" bush. Another possible means of distinguishing between these sad object-lessons is to concentrate on their different signs of female wear and tear: Anne got fibrositis trying to hold on to her unfaithful husband; Deirdre's arm is in a sling; Threnody (sic) has lumbar pains and blisters on her tongue through biting things back; Martha may be developing varicose veins—but, then, so may Tania.

Tania's husband greets this news with the remark, "Good God . . . you're lucky to have a leg! Lots of people don't even have legs to have varicose veins in!" He has been earlier described as "reasonable and kind", "one of the few genuinely un-chauvinist men around". Accolade of this kind is the invariable prelude to particularly extreme displays of the male appallingness of *raisonné* in Weldon. "I'd beat a woman like that to death myself," declares another man who "believed in women's rights".

When not battered, Weldon's wives are at any rate dead-beat. Their chores are laboriously recited: "Deirdre sat and darned socks . . . Deirdre darned with fatigue, they totter, all apologies, from task to task as husbands (often living off their money) idle, sneer, ponder, and complain that they are 'looking tired and exhausted on purpose'". Deirdre, whose domestic marathons occupy most of a twenty-page story: "she cleared away the bread, the butter, the crumbs, the smears, the jam, the spoons, the split sugar, the cereal, the milk (sour by now) and the dirty plates, and swept the floors, and tidied up", etc.

When not trapped inside the home, Weldon's women often have a hot-line to the cosmos. In earlier books, one communed with a red-dwarf star, another talked to Glastonbury Tor. Here, Minette, married to a deplorably

unsuperstitious male, gets excited by a "numinous" hill, and ecstatically proclaims that she is tuned in to life's mysterious wavelengths: "My body moves with the tides, bleeds with the moon". Else, another spiritual sensitive, is rejected by rationalistic Adam because she "worshiped strange gods instead of her husband". Some men go even further in their repudiation of natural mystery: the husband of symbolically-named Angelita emits a malevolent effluent which she can feel "seeping out from under the door, darkening the sun, poisoning the earth". Increasingly fey, Weldon more and more thins her fictional atmospheres with spooky nothings. In one story, a wife's suppressed but righteous anger externalizes as a poltergeist to smash her husband's choice china; in another, a female spectre trails dispiritedly into view, looking "tired", its face "marked by bruises".

This didactic supernaturalism—"Oh, women everywhere, don't think your misery doesn't seep into walls, creep downstairs, and then upstairs again!"—may seem to sort oddly with the worldly knowingsness Weldon also likes to effect: "Menstruation is not yet so fashionable as to be . . . demonstrable, though it can be talked about at length". However, it is perfectly in keeping with her essentially evangelicist at heart. She thinks in terms of saints, martyrs, and devils. Pulpit exhortation ways its finger over error: "Oh, Edgar, Minette, Minnie and Mona, what blindness is there amongst you now? Fervent sermonizing thrubs out at the prospect of man's fallen state: 'Hard, indeed, if he has your soul in his safe-keeping, to be left behind at the bar, in the pub, or in some other woman's bed'. Despite their gestures towards colour-supplement sophistication, these feminist parables ultimately show all the lurid narrow-mindedness of revivalist tracts.

His courage seems to have been of an unusually insensate kind; he may have become an extremist by necessity, but was certainly not much of a moderate by nature. In prison he kept up his spirit by insulting and enraging his captors; his strange, bleached magnanimity towards them later suggests a fear of losing the only interlocutors who knew his real worth. Released, he could not settle himself down to what is always disdained himself called here "the politics of the politicians"; he was then baffled, angry, often infantile. Spitting in the eyes of authority—whether on noble principle or, sometimes, like a naughty child—had become an obsession, a need; the only outcome was a fresh and more conclusive martyrdom, eagerly courted, once he had, as the book puts it, "grown tired of losing".

The book paints him warts and clay feet—or anyway toes—and all; but is plainly intended as a monument, an act of passionate piety. "Only through your personal story, too unique, had you declared that every human being is an entity that cannot be generalized and cannot be forced into the concept of the mass, and so salvation must be sought in the individual who revolutionizes himself", the author assures the hero; who is apostrophized as "you" throughout the four hundred and fifty pages. "In Vietnam, your name was Huynh Thi An and you were a Vietcong girl . . . In Bolivia your name was Carlos Marighella . . . And then, your name was Padre Tito de Alencar, Lima, a Dominican monk whose face and age I don't even know." The list of political martyrs presents the author's own professional and political credentials, and the source of the lovers' sympathy. This kind of incantatory crooning is one of her favourite rhetorical devices: three successive paragraphs, in an averagely declamatory opening to a chapter, for instance, will

than a novel (much of the dialogue is strongly reminiscent of Pinter) and this entails the use of rather forced imagery. Some of these images are successful. Arthur's way with jigsaws is to force pieces that don't fit together; Coral identifies with Joan Crawford when things look bad. Others fit less naturally into the novel—Gemma's bones, Old G's ashes, Mrs Chat's obvious status as a chorus figure. One of the main difficulties with *Penny Links* is that the characters are shifted about so deftly in the interests of comedy that it is difficult to recognize them as people, let alone sympathize with them. It is a serious shortcoming, for example, that Arthur's fate doesn't seem to grow from his circumstances but is depicted as a random sequence of unlucky incidents. Ursula Holden man-oeuvre her cast up and down the stories of the house and between London and the country; she contrasts light and dark, and clean and dirty; in doing this she describes and defines drive to themes and patterns. The culmination of a lot of promising, stone-setting (Spark and early Murdoch) and conversation (Orton crossed with Ivy Compton-Burnett) is a disappointment, and the hastiness of the story finally seems quite gratuitous.

As might be expected from the author of *The Cloud Cuckoo* and *Turnstile*, Ursula Holden records this catalogue of strange events with a fine lack of feeling. The action is unfolded largely by means of dialogue and interior monologue. The characters' inadequate responses—"Huh! not dreamed the tall thin house would spill death on hour after his arrival, and a window cleaned. He mustn't give offence: this and oftentimes with homes of gentry was 'good trade'!" and their ineffectual clashes ("I say you are a bitch! You put our family to shame. You always were bad Coral. I knew it the day we met") are trussed up with care. The narrative is hurried on in a series of short scenes more like a play

Massage parlare

By Anne Duchêne

ORIANA FALLACI

A Man
Translated from the Italian by William Weaver
463pp. The Bodley Head. £6.50.
0 370 30385 7

One third of this exceedingly long, large and prolix book describes the five-year imprisonment, with torture, of the Greek dissident Alexander Panagoulis after he tried to kill the dictator Papadopoulos in 1968. The remainder follows him through the three restless, abortive years between his release and his death; during which time the book's author, the well-known Italian journalist, was his mistress and apparently his one close friend. The dust-cover subtitled the book "A Novel", which seems needlessly misleading when it plainly is not one.

The outline of Panagoulis's public life seems well enough agreed: that his assassination attempt was amateur and bungled; that his imprisonment was appallingly cruel, his tortures hideous, his mental and physical survival amazing; that his efforts later to take part in Greek political life were a sad and sometimes grotesque failure; and that his death was probably accomplished by agents of that power—or continuous and endlessly evil "Power", as it becomes here—which had for its own purposes arranged the apparent fall of the junta and a façade of democracy, and which Panagoulis was threatening to expose.

His courage seems to have been of an unusually insensate kind; he may have become an extremist by necessity, but was certainly not much of a moderate by nature. In prison he kept up his spirit by insulting and enraging his captors; his strange, bleached magnanimity towards them later suggests a fear of losing the only interlocutors who knew his real worth. Released, he could not settle himself down to what is always disdained himself called here "the politics of the politicians"; he was then baffled, angry, often infantile. Spitting in the eyes of authority—whether on noble principle or, sometimes, like a naughty child—had become an obsession, a need; the only outcome was a fresh and more conclusive martyrdom, eagerly courted, once he had, as the book puts it, "grown tired of losing".

This is a pity, as exhaustion with everything. The wicked opposition—police, torturers, politicians—becomes indistinguishable, like bubbles in marsh-gas, and this diminishes the book, since they are the only people playing much part in it, apart from the lovers. Panagoulis seems to have only one friend, who makes a marginal appearance now and then. The bulk of the book's few unforgettably comic passages describes how badly he backs out of a draft scheme to take a threat to blow up the Pantheon: nothing less than vermillion would delude the police chief, so forty marble columns would need two billion in each, to take ten millions, that would be a ton of dynamite to be squeezed in at closing-time and twelve guys at drilling for eight hours, from dawn or dawn or, alternatively, to take the noise, ninety-two guerrillas smuggled to drill one hole each in the outside of columns, which would mean two at a time, which would mean two at a time. Panagoulis lost his temper then. "What were you doing when I was on the torture-cot and waiting for the firing squad? Writing books, to educate the people? Organizing the masses of the year two thousand three hundred and thirty-three? Some good ideas, perhaps they were, but the dilemma of the hero in any age, reduced to heroic velocity."

The only reason given for Panagoulis's self-destruction is "so that the sheep may become men and women". It says much for his vitality that he emerges at all, clearly, from so much ateam-headed prose, and that he is without self-motivation and without calling people sheep, but perhaps the Greeks haven't found a more word for that yet. It ought to be said that William Weaver translates very gamely, all things considered. And that the author seems to be a wonderfully tough and loyal friend, however regrettable her prose.

Richard Eberhart

begin "The tragedy of a man condemned to be crucified . . . a creature who cannot be crucified . . . alone, because he makes everybody uncomfortable and serves nobody"; four paragraphs at the lovers' first meeting, begins "Happiness is . . ." ("Happiness is . . . of which I am in the evening, it explodes at nine in the evening, it is a pride that vibrates when we enter a restaurant", "surrender that at night leads us", "opening my eye beneath your voice"). Prose as a sage, in other words.

On the other hand, when not taking this exalted loggia, the author's prose often turns to punning, the poor, loyal reader nearly to insensibility. One whole page (and they are large pages) is spent describing cancer, when she discovers her lover she has wanted to divest herself of another to Dionysus as the god of life and death; another to the proposition that "all banners, even the most noble, the most pure, are filthy with blood and shit" ("the shit of the defeated, the shit of the victors, the shit of the good, the shit of the bad, the shit of heroes, the shit of man, who is made of blood and shit . . ."); and another to examine the dismissal of party politics.

a party is a party, an organization, a clique, a mafia, at best a sect which does not allow its adepts to express their own personality, their own creativity; on the contrary it betrays them or at least twists them. A party does not need individuality, personality, creativity, imagination, dignity: it needs bureaucrats, functionaries, servants . . . A party works like a business, an industry. The system of a party is a system of a factory. The private obeys the corporate in turn obeys . . .

And so on, and on, and on, through the ranks, to the minister of defence. This has to be mentioned, as it is what makes the book so indignantly long. Like the German army after the 1918 breakthrough, readers may find themselves advancing a little less far with each succeeding day.

This is a pity, as exhaustion with everything. The wicked opposition—police, torturers, politicians—becomes indistinguishable, like bubbles in marsh-gas, and this diminishes the book, since they are the only people playing much part in it, apart from the lovers. Panagoulis seems to have only one friend, who makes a marginal appearance now and then. The bulk of the book's few unforgettably comic passages describes how badly he backs out of a draft scheme to take a threat to blow up the Pantheon: nothing less than vermillion would delude the police chief, so forty marble columns would need two billion in each, to take ten millions, that would be a ton of dynamite to be squeezed in at closing-time and twelve guys at drilling for eight hours, from dawn or dawn or, alternatively, to take the noise, ninety-two guerrillas smuggled to drill one hole each in the outside of columns, which would mean two at a time, which would mean two at a time. Panagoulis lost his temper then. "What were you doing when I was on the torture-cot and waiting for the firing squad? Writing books, to educate the people? Organizing the masses of the year two thousand three hundred and thirty-three? Some good ideas, perhaps they were, but the dilemma of the hero in any age, reduced to heroic velocity."

The only reason given for Panagoulis's self-destruction is "so that the sheep may become men and women". It says much for his vitality that he emerges at all, clearly, from so much ateam-headed prose, and that he is without self-motivation and without calling people sheep, but perhaps the Greeks haven't found a more word for that yet. It ought to be said that William Weaver translates very gamely, all things considered. And that the author seems to be a wonderfully tough and loyal friend, however regrettable her prose.

Richard Eberhart

Between past and present

By P. N. Furbank

J. G. FARRELL

The Hill Station
An unfinished novel and an Indian Diary
Edited by John Spurling

228pp. Weldonfeld and Nicolson.
£6.50.
0 287 77922 2

J. G. Farrell is the sort of author everyone likes, and he sounds more so as a very likeable man. This posthumous collection contains the half-completed novel he was working on at his death, the diary of a tour of India in 1971, and a "Personal Memoir" and two appreciations by, respectively, his friends Malcolm Deane, John Spurling and Margaret Drabble. The tone of these friends is unmistakably affectionate. And though the reminiscences stop at the anecdotal surface—how he sucked his bathroom floor to stalling with claret bought at auctions; how he once lived and worked in a greenhouse, or actually a conservatory—one does not get the impression of deep secrets concealed. He was evidently a private man—though not so private after all, for his novels make him fairly vivid to us.

Somewhat he prompts a generalization about the literary scene, or dimly evokes a genre or category: we might call this category "the higher entertainment". There are some good names among its practitioners: certainly Lawrence Durrell, and I think Iris Murdoch (but not Graham Greene, who I do not think "entertainments"). I think to think Elizabeth Bowen belongs to it, though mainly on the strength of *Evil Traitor*, which is what I know best of her. Of all these writers, unlike as they may be in other respects, it can be said that a pretty effect dances before their eyes, they will cheerfully sacrifice truth to it. Sacrifice it, that is to say, until the next time. For they know and respect human truth, and have seen more deeply into it than most of us. It is just that novels have to be written and readers have to be seduced. Thus I feel that John Spurling is wrong, in his excellent "appreciation", to bring in Stendhal and Thomas Mann. Or at least—for Farrell was certainly an admirer of Stendhal and Mann, and you could even imagine *Troubles* to be partly based on *The Magic Mountain*—he is wrong to speak "Mann gave him the courage to be weighty" as though there could be any comparison with Mann, with writers (I mean) who so loved and sweated over human truth.

A working principle of Farrell's in *The Imperial* trilogy seems to be to take what, in a historical novel, you may equate immaturity with historical

pastness. This means you are safe in presenting easy thoughts and naive thought-processes; for if someone attacks them as over-easy you can put it all down to "period". Thus we have the following passage in *The Siege of Krishnapur*, describing the Krishnapur Prime Minister in his captivity in the Residency:

The Prime Minister was singing softly to himself when the Collector came in and continued to do so all the time he was there. It was a religious song and a joyful one, the Prime Minister's eyes sparkled. But they sparkled not outwardly but inwardly, for the deity which was causing him such intense satisfaction was inside himself.

If we took this at its face-value, as Farrell's own *apocryphal* Hindu religion, he would quite likely have been pleased and would not have disagreed; but if we called it over-easy or sentimental (and alleged some reminiscence of Forster's *Goodbye, perhaps over-easy too*) he would have the perfect excuse that these are the collector's thoughts, not his, and this is 1857, when people tended to think in stereotypes. Do we, in *Troubles*, perceive serious meaning in the enrolling of the Irish "troubles" with those in Amritsar and Russia and the juxtaposition of them in newspaper items? If so, he would have been delighted; and if not, no harm done—"period" novels require "period" flavours. Shall we respond to Farrell's account of Miriam, in *The Siege of Krishnapur*, as to the language of true feeling?

Floury was quite wrong in thinking that Miriam had been nourishing amorous ambitions as far as the Collector was concerned; on the contrary, throughout the siege she had taken great pains not to allow her feelings to attach themselves to any individual man. Once in her life she had become attached to someone and had allowed herself to be swept down with him in his lonely vortex into the silent depths where nothing moves but drowned sailors coughing sea-weed; only Miriam herself knew how much it had cost her to ascend again from that fascinating, ghostly world towards light and life.

Or shall we consider it slightly inflated? If the latter, then Victorian language, he can argue, was inflated, so truth is not violated.

Farrell's method is full of such let-outs. His whole teasing *va-et-vient* between the past and the present, at one moment restricting himself to "period" viewpoint (so we don't yet know the name of the province), at the next speaking as from the 1970s, is one such let-out. It is owing to such ruses that we find ourselves (less surprised than perhaps we should be) willing in rather dubious *Tom and Jerry*-style romps with blood and earnings: "He

found himself confronted now by a midriff and a pair of legs; the wall behind the legs was draped in scarlet. The top half of the seamy had vanished." Or: "A seamy here was trying to remove a silver fork from one of his lungs, another had received a piece of lightning-conductor in his kidneys . . . an unfortunate *subedar* had been struck from this world by the silver sugar-tongs embedded in his brain." Farrell's tone slides about quite opportunisticly, and the result is not the "open" and self-destructing text demanded by "deconstructionists", but an entertainment whose rules or lack of rules we could soon master if we wanted to (but we don't). We don't, because the cleverness is so great. One thinks of the inventiveness (forgetting "deeper" meanings) with which Farrell works the theme of "possessions" and their rights and wrongs through *The Siege of Krishnapur*, taking his first inspiration from the catalogue of the Great Exhibition, and of course, returning to the theme here in those lethal lightning-conductors and sugar-tongs.

Nor is cleverness the sole point or virtue. Farrell has an excellent subject, to do with familiar psychology, for which his brand of historical fiction, depending as it does on naive fictions and stereotyped reactions, is the proper vehicle. I mean the general human tendency to write bad novels, or scenes from bad novels, to the heads of hundreds of a day (a tendency explored in its pathological form in Waugh's *The Order of Gilbert Pinfold*). Farrell's openings to his novels are brilliant, and this is because we are happy to share the viewpoint of naive witnesses. We sympathize to the full with the young shell-shocked Major in *Troubles*, in Ireland to seek out his supposed bride-to-be, when he grows fascinated and obsessed by the trays of food brought upstairs to his invisible fiancée and returning downstairs hardly touched. Equally we are ready to be that young English mis in *The Hill Station*, travelling to Simla with her uncle and aunt on her first visit to India in 1871, in whose mood everything (the clergyman in the railway-carriage, dropping sweat on the pages of *The Christian Year*, the officer staring through the carriage-window, one hand on hip, in an arrogant pose) are a perfect and very delirious mystery. And we feel no superiority towards the Major (for who doesn't believe like this?) when he broods jealously and in the élite mental images upon an overhead phrase, "If she looks at another man he knocks her cold".

It was the intimacy which distressed him. Sarah fell in a restaurant for fluttering her eyelashes at a head-waiter; Sarah fell among the teacups at a Viceregal garden-party for a lingering glance at some young officer; Sarah fell at Jerry's Hotel for looking out of the window.

It was the intimacy which distressed him. Sarah fell in a restaurant for fluttering her eyelashes at a head-waiter; Sarah fell among the teacups at a Viceregal garden-party for a lingering glance at some young officer; Sarah fell at Jerry's Hotel for looking out of the window.

It was the intimacy which distressed him. Sarah fell in a restaurant for fluttering her eyelashes at a head-waiter; Sarah fell among the teacups at a Viceregal garden-party for a lingering glance at some young officer; Sarah fell at Jerry's Hotel for looking out of the window.

The beacon is also the setting for Kate's next re-initiation into passion, this time with Duncan, rock of stability. Now deep snowdrifts replace summer birdsong when, page-like, she "trots in" in her king's footsteps "where the predictability of Kate's self-discovery is well-established. Nancy, Duncan's wife, former Slade student, turned chaise-keeper, we now learn has leukemia. When Kate leaves the village London-bound for a successful job (discovered through Duncan) her sacrificial role is completed.

On one level, Susan Barrett executes these twists of story with competence. She writes with fluency and her dialogue, if predictable, is fairly convincing. She knows her Devon landscape of ragged robin, ditchwort and red campion, and is aware of the symbolic possibilities of her theme. But she tends to overwork the symbol of beacon, just as she at times overwrites in a Laurie Lee-like manner. No amount of rural detail can make up for the shallowness of the novel's plot and characterization.

Kate Smith, Barrett's forty-year-old head heroine, bundles two school-age children into the car and leaves the Devon landscape of her childhood, where she has inde-

Equally we can identify with Emily in *The Hill Station* when she pictures how, at the end of her journey, she can reward those young officers, who paid mock-court to her so amusingly, with "a faint smile"—and with her fury when her "faint smile" is not called for.

There is a link here with Farrell's narrative method. He works what Barthes would call the "hermeneutic code" very hard, and it is this that gives his novels their characteristic pattern. Everything, so long as it is not explained, is wonderfully and deliciously suggestive. Then, inevitably, come some explanations, which cannot match up to our fantasies. And from then on he has to lighten and screw up the grotesquerie. The indoor plants in the Palm Court must ramp more abandonedly, the plague of cats swell—till one deluded cat hurrahs itself at the pheasant in a hotel-resident's hat; and one is forced to reflect that Decay is a very predictable theme. A general point about narrative is belong made in *Troubles*, when the Major receives a vast posthumous letter from his "fiancée" Angela and cannot even be bothered to open it at once—leaving it on the hotel bar-counter, finding it again three months later, and still not having the patience to read it through. The charm of curiosity does not lie in its satisfaction.

The fragment *The Hill Station* (not Farrell's own title) is some fifty-thousand words long and represents about half a novel. It is in his best style and very well worth publishing. Why that ailing clergyman in Emily's compartment is travelling to Simla, at the risk of his health, is because of the needs of religion. For in his little church in the "native" quarter of Simla his Puseyite ritualism is under fierce attack, and his elderly curate, though

sound on doctrine, is dotty, planning to hang a white stuffed bird above the altar to simulate the Paraclete. In the same railway-carriage is our old friend from *The Siege of Krishnapur*, the dry, gloomy-faced, heroic Scottish doctor McNab, now looking forward to his retirement. He instantly forms a dislike to us with much detail; and in no time, with routine grumbles, he has taken responsibility, and not just medically, for Kingston and his crazed fellow-martyr. His mind grows steadily wider with age and is, fumblingly, working towards a general theory of illness—nothing less than that of Freud's before its time. Victorian medicine, Victorian religion; the novel, as is usual with Farrell, is a sort of Ring and the Book extrapolation from documents, like the *British Medical Journal* and clerical biographies.

Anyone who likes Farrell will read *The Hill Station* with zest and feel a pang that its author died while still so young. As for the Diary, it is not on the whole very interesting; its early pages indeed are decidedly flat and no more than we or anyone might have written. Nothing strikes him vividly or prompts very original thoughts. Irritations and meals and consoling reading-matter (Jane Austen and Mrs Gaskell) occupy his mind as much as anything; nor is he a man to pretend otherwise—a most unpretentious man. His interest quickens, however, and so does ours, when he contemplates the burning ghat at Benares, a spectacle he describes at length and with approving fascination ("it all seems extremely natural in some odd way"). Various incidents from this diary reappear in his novels, but quite transmogrified, so that, you feel, they might just as well have been borrowed from someone else.

GORE VIDAL CREATION

"this new novel represents a significant development in the range of Vidal's art. It displays a serenity, a magisterial quality . . ."

Peter Ackroyd—*The Sunday Times*

"highly absorbing, rich in history, irony and erudition . . . in the accumulation of exotic detail Mr Vidal is our latter day prose Ben Jonson."

Christopher Wordsworth—*The Guardian*

"Ambitious, impressive, urbane Mr Vidal has lobbed us a novel that challenges the roots and reason of accepted history."

John Osborne—*The New Standard*



Heinemann

Searching for the primal sentence

By Frank Cioffi

JOHN FORRESTER:

Language and the Origins of
Psychoanalysis
285pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 353 25946 7

Home they brought her warrior
dead:

Sha nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens watching said:
"She must weep or she will die."

Anyone familiar with Freud's *Studies on Hysteria* will recognize that Tennyson's maidens were anticipating the baleful consequences of what he there calls "strangled affect". And this places limits on the profitability of any attempt, like John Forrester's, to trace Freud's theory of hysteria to esoteric speculation in aphasia theory and philology. ("The early Freud is Kleinpaul + Jackson.") Nor can this point be met by conceding that poets of exceptional penetration may have anticipated this or that aspect of Freud's work, for the notions with which Freud worked had blinted folk-culture roots.

When Malcolin exhorts the bereaved Maeduff "give sorrow words, the grief that does not speak whispers the overfraught heart and bids it break" he was exploiting a commonplace, not augmenting our (or Maeduff's) knowledge of the mind. When Captain Wentworth tells Anne Elliott that the shock of Louisa Musgrove's accident must have been all the greater for "not having overpowered her at the time" we are not meant to credit him with extraordinary perceptiveness although it is Freud's concept of "arrests of abreaction" that he is invoking. Nor do we need instruction to understand why, when Hans Christian Andersen's Little Mermaid was distressed, "she suffered all the more because she hadn't any tears". As a popular song of the 1950s proclaimed "It's no secret, you feel better when you cry." (An index of the potency of this explanatory paradigm is the tendency to mistranslate "Ugolino's tremendous word" (Matthew Arnold), "to not plangen, to not to implatras" as "weep not, so all stone I grew within" (Cary) which reverses the order of events.) Forrester claims that "What Freud took over from aphasia theory was the notion that a symptom's apparent meaning could be illuminating

ated by placing it in a very specific traumatic context where it did have meaning." But weren't Lady Macbeth's hands once bloody? What does this leave to be taken over from "aphasia theory"?

Forrester also claims that "strange details were necessary in order to try and discover what Freud could possibly have meant when he talked in 1890 of the magic power of words". But every slight detour takes us to the magic power of ideas. Consider the stigmatic tradition: non-euclidian speemans of stigma extend from King Dagobert's ideogenic scarring in Montaigne's essay "On the power of the imagination" to "the awful symbol" imprinted in the flesh of Nathaniel Hawthorne's puritan minister - "the effect of the ever active tooth of remorse, gnawing from the inmost heart outwardly". It is no giant step from conceptions embodied in these examples to the therapeutic use of hypnotic suggestion which is what Freud was referring to when he talked of "the magic power of words" - perhaps an expression of exultation at his success in regularizing Frau Emmy's periods by this means.

One of the issues Forrester addresses himself to is how we are to construe Freud's claim that events which occurred in infancy may be remembered in analysis although "they were impossible for the child to grasp psychically at the time". Freud's central paper on this topic, which for some reason Forrester doesn't refer to (Repetition, Recollection and Working Through), makes two distinctions with respect to recallability - one a temporal one between events (where "events" is construed completely generically) which occurred before and those which occurred after a certain point (which Freud does not specify except to call it "very early"), and the other between "impressions and events experienced" and "fantasies, impulses, feelings" etc. the former being recallable and the latter not. But in the end Freud leaves it uncertain how strictly he wishes to be held to this view - "recollection in the old style, reproduction in the mind, remains the goal of (our) endeavors". Nevertheless Forrester explains the strange phenomenon of the recall of that which was never conscious thus: "Certain events had not been thought available to which to think them." It is in this way that we are to make sense of the notion of a traumatic infantile experience which "had not been

thought" at the time but which may, if the victim is fortunate, find therapeutic expression in the course of a "talking cure". But what makes the words spoken by the adult a veridical account of his pre-verbal infantile experience?

In the *Philosophical Investigations* Wittgenstein comments on the comparable problem posed by the reminiscences of Mr Ballard, the Helen Keller of the deaf and mute, who reported in later years wondering, at a stage before he had mastered language, "How came the world into being?" "Are you sure - are you like to ask - that this is the correct translation of your wordless thoughts into words . . . These recollections are a queer memory phenomenon and I do not know what conclusions one can draw from them about the past of the man who recounts them." Do we stand in the same relation to psycho-analytic reminiscences as we do to Ballard's cosmogonic speculations?

Consider a less problematic case. If in the course of abreacting a birth trauma a patient reported thinking "This must be his first breech birth!" or "What does he think he's doing with those forceps?" we would have no choice but to dispute the veridicality of his memories. The problem is how to distinguish naked recollection from after-meditation where we don't have blatant anachronism to help us. The earlier the period the purported memories relate to the more acute the problem. Maybe babies are like Wittgenstein's lion - if it could talk we wouldn't understand them.

I was unable to follow Forrester's own solution to this problem, which hinges on his assertion that "the criteria for the genuineness of a memory must be sought elsewhere than in the fidelity with which a recollection reproduces a trace". (But two of his allusions are mistaken - the Rat Man never remembered being beaten; the Wolf Man did remember the primal scene.)

Forrester chides Freud for his timidity in discounting, on the grounds that Leonardo lived before the Rosetta Stone was deciphered, any connection between Leonardo's vulture fantasy and the fact that the Egyptian god of the sun was a vulture, but warns to him for suggesting that there may have been one between the bored, stuck in Little Hans's stomach in one of his fantasies and the fact that "Prometheus (Promethia), the creator of man is etymologically the borer". In



"Portrait of a woman" (1921), a chalk drawing by Oskar Kokoschka, part of a collection of oil paintings, watercolours, drawings and graphics to be sold by auction by Karl and Fober in Munich on June 4 and 5.

general, his account of Freud's having over fixed symbolism is difficult to follow. The pertinent quotations are withheld and the reason for Freud's hesitancy and vacillation are not adequately explored. 1912: "Since we have acquired confidence in our understanding of dream symbolism we know ourselves to be independent of the patient's associations." 1925: "Dream interpretation . . . without reference to the dreamer's association would . . . remain a piece of unscientific virtuosity of the most doubtful value." And though this was reiterated in one of the things he wrote, *The Outline of Psychoanalysis*, in the intervening years he had once again endorsed fixed symbolism. Forrester claims that "it was a practical exigency - the failure of detail, the lack of a connection, silence - which the theory of symbols was meant to answer." But he doesn't explain why the fact that a connection between terms is innate and unlearned should preclude associations between them. There is another difficulty: Once we have resorted to fixed symbolism to make the symbol speak, how do we shut it up? How are literal occurrences of a term to be distinguished from symbolic ones? In the year of the publication in English of the *Interpretation of Dreams* (1913) an American psychologist protested hyperbolically: "We may explain by Freudian principles, why trees have their root in the ground, why we write with pens, why we put a quart of wine into a bottle instead of hanging it on hooks like a ham, etc. etc." Consider Freud's claim that hysterical headaches are a manifestation of the mechanism of displacement upwards. Suppose a sufferer not given to colourful speech were to proclaim that her head felt like a ruptured tyrod. This would be a persuasive bit of confirmation, detail; but only providing that there was no innate connection between head and genitals since on the theory of fixed symbolism it is just what someone with a non-hysterical headache might say.

What does Forrester have in mind when he says that Freud accepted Stekel's use of fixed symbolism because "according to Freud's criteria Stekel was usually right"? There is no mention of criteria in the letter which Forrester cites though in another letter Freud says Stekel "has the best nose of any of us for the secrets of the unconscious". Because he is a perfect swine, whereas we are really decent people who submit only reluctantly to the evidence. Was this wisdom one of Freud's criteria?

Forrester's own contribution to the theory of the neurasthenic consists in generalizing Freud's procedure in his analyses of hearing fantasies and of persecutory feelings. The patient's illness must first be translated into a propositional form and then traced backwards to the primal utterance of which its stages were transformations. The language of the symptom, he writes, "could be conceived of as a set of marks that is structured by derivatives of primal sentences - the core of the neuroses." But to what end and symptoms, to be so conceived by the word "cure" comes trippingly off Forrester's tongue but he nowhere presents any reasons for crediting that the phenomenon he is so lovingly and capriciously describes has ever taken place. Where has it been shown that the psychotherapeutically induced reminiscence of suffering or incapacity was due to the recovery and utterance of a primal sentence which formed the core of the neuroses? Perhaps Forrester is aware of this objection for he also speaks of "conviction or belief as the final touchstone of therapeutic success", so that acquiescence in psychoanalytic theory is no longer merely a condition of cure but has become cure itself.

"The propositions posited as giving rise to or representing clinical material seem to lack empirical confirmation, but are nonetheless necessary." Forrester made this claim, Forrester provided no reasons for believing that the speculatively "necessary" which Freud's constructions of infantile life came to attain differed from that which the path of Dreyfus had for the French Army, or covers, flights on broomsticks and copulations with the devil for the witch-hunters.

At the end of his book Forrester makes some suggestions as to how his riches might best be mined. It will not have passed unnoticed that it will not be easy to find this work in a library. It is a historical work, attempting to find a certain, "reading" that could be reiterated endlessly and still remain a definitive reading, as if, once read, Freud would not have to be reread. Or is this work an attempt at reformulation, via a biographical conceptual argument, the foundations of psychoanalysis, so that where once we say biology we say psychology, where once we say symbols we say words, we now say phonetic switching. I can deny neither of these ways of reading this work.

There is still another use to which Forrester's book may be put - as a demonstration of the rapidly and pertinence of Wittgenstein's thirty-year-old dictum: "Freud's fanciful pseudo-explanations (precisely because they are so brilliant) perform a disservice. Now any ass has these pictures available for use in 'explaining' symptoms of illness."

To liturgical ends

By C. H. Sisson

E. MARTIN BROWNE with
HENRIE BROWNE:
Two In One
254pp. Cambridge University Press.
£15.
0 521 23254 6

To a young man who had known the earlier work of Eliot as a revelation, of a kind which is hardly possible after the age of twenty, the publication of *The Rock*, in 1934, brought a puzzling impact. Any new work from this august hand could not be received without a respect not free from awe. On the other hand a first reading of the new text displayed the demigod walking with a more ordinary attire than one had more than once seen. His manner was more ordinary, his language more direct. Eliot was so great that this fact itself passed for a minor revelation, as I suppose it was. There was that awful prose dialogue, and I hardly noticed that in the "Prefatory Note" Eliot had tried hard to dissociate himself from some of it. My reaction anyhow was astonishment, then puzzlement, that the exponent of a magisterial discrimination had allowed such talk in his neighbourhood. I was sufficiently apprised, from *As I Was* and the pages of *The Criterion*, of Eliot's eclecticism, and was perhaps more prepared than some of my contemporaries to think that these were not in themselves a subject for derision. I knew nothing, however, of "Anglican circles" of any kind. Eliot's Christianity was an intellectual possibility, merely, seen without the supporting social network. Some of the choruses of *The Rock* yielded their own rhetorical intoxication, even if it was a less acute pleasure than was to be had from *The Waste Land* or even *The Hollow Men*. There was the novelty - to me - of the choral speaking, and here and there verses which seemed proper enough from the lips of the London

poet. I journeyed to London, to the timekept city, where the River flows, with foreign flotations. Too many things were happening at that time for me to consider the new techniques and the new tone. The new prescriptions - very coherently, and the greater polish of *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935) must have been vag-

uely reassuring. In retrospect one might say that, despite all the polish, despite all the literary accomplishment which Eliot's verse never lost - *The Rock* and *Murder in the Cathedral* represented a coarsening in the mind of their author, and a coarsening of his verbalization.

What was supposed to be happening - and this no doubt deflected the reader's mind, as such generalities do - was the revivification of the poetic drama. In the events which were supposed to constitute this process, the late E. Martin Browne played an important part. The "Prefatory Note" says that the scenario of *The Rock* was written by Browne, "under whose direction . . . and submission to whose expert criticism", Eliot had written the choruses and dialogues. That was a beginning for Eliot, he had been beginning in, at Browne's suggestion, to write a "play" (his own inverted comma) to raise money for the Bishop of London's Forty-Five Churches Fund - a request which his long-standing interest in the drama must have disposed him to comply with. No doubt his enthusiasm for his relatively new-found Anglicanism was also a motive; it was as if he had been asked to open a bazaar. George Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, who did more than anyone to make drama respectable in church, already had his eye on Eliot.

Martin Browne's book is enlightening on such matters as well as on his own background and that of Henzie, who contributes to the book though she died in 1973. Martin himself died while the book was being prepared for publication. Henzie may well have been the real theatrical motive force in the "Two in One" couple were. "If Martin had married another woman", she says, "he would, I believe, have had an utterly other career. Dog-collars and gaiters . . .". Martin himself says: "I should ultimately be ordained." He was at Eton, at Oxford his "centre for both instruction and worship became Fussy House"; there was also the OUDS. Then there was a period - with Henzie - of "workers' education" centring on the Folkhouse in Doncaster, followed by years in the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, before "George Bell's call" came for him to be Director of Religious Drama in Chichester.

The poetic drama had been revived before; indeed one might say that it had been intermittently revived ever since

it actually existed, in the days of Shakespeare and Jonson. The success and novelty of the Restoration were really the comedy in prose, which had its own success. The nineteenth century left a dead weight of more or less unproductive poetic plays to fill the less-read pages of the collected works of respectable poets. If we now consider that there was no poetic drama in the earlier twentieth century - unless you allow Yeats - this is not because no plays were written then; they were written in plenty. Gilbert Murray's translations of Greek plays were not a success at the box-office. The peculiarity of the new movement was its association with religion; and religious drama had, to all intents and purposes, existed only in the Middle Ages. If Eliot had not been enrolled, the new squad would have been as dead as any of the others. If Eliot's appetite had not been whetted by *The Rock*, the impetus he gave the movement would have had no great force. But he had written a religious "play" and wanted to write a play. It was Bell who invited him to write *The Canterbury Festival of Music and Drama*, and so we have *Murder in the Cathedral* which, Eliot stipulated, Martin Browne was to direct. A success of a kind the play certainly was, and the mile of the chorus was developed dramatically, in every sense of the term. If there was more of design than instinct in the management of the plot, as indeed in all Eliot's plays, that is hardly surprising in view of his lack of training in the theatre. A more radical difficulty, which affected the whole movement to promote a religious drama, was the lack of any widely and profoundly shared view of what the Christian religion was about. Eliot was certainly acutely aware of this, and that must account for the element of didacticism which is traceable not only in the *Murder* but in *The Family Reunion* and the later plays.

Eliot had long ago (in 1926) pronounced the view that "dramatic form may occur at various points along a line the termini of which are liturgy and realism"; the practical implication was that one should get away from Arheer and Plenero. The difficulty about this theory was that the nature of the liturgical end of the line was obscure. A liturgy must have a public reference and a publicly apprehended, if not entirely explicit, meaning. This the Christian liturgy could hardly be said to have had, even in the 1930s. The most widely diffused conception of religion

was that it was a matter of individual conscience. It is doubtful whether George Bell reflected profoundly on these matters, or even on the fact that, when the mystery plays were performed, they were the most appalling form of entertainment within reach. The subjectivity of religion, and the availability of other forms of public amusement, meant that the conditions for a religious drama, in the old sense, were simply not there. There had in fact been no such drama for four hundred years. A "revival" there could not be; what was in question was the invention of a drama which could attract a demure middle-class audience, a few intellectuals who still had some notion what the Church was about, and ultimately parish parties. For not his recruitment to the cause must have meant that his first incursions into major theatre took place under somewhat protected conditions.

Bell's initiative is said to have led to a "great outburst of poetry and religion mingled in drama" in the 1930s and 40s. Certainly some work was produced which would not have been produced without him. As an attempt to find a new way for the Church to address the world at large, the movement was a failure. "Drama is still on the periphery of the Church's work, and no doubt will stay there," Martin Browne concludes. "But the last half-century has seen them come together, far each other's good." It would be nice to think so, and there may be something in it; certainly drama might affect the presentation of religion. Browne points to *Waiting for Godot* (1955-6) as a watershed for the theatre. This success was not merely a matter of technique. The bleakness of the play corresponded to something in the audience's apprehension of the world in a way that Eliot's re-buses of sainthood and martyrdom did not. It was after this that the Church began that messianic with its liturgy of which we now have the disastrous results. In 1932 Bell, Browne, and others agreed that "the Authorized

Version of the Bible was especially suitable for text as well as subject of religious plays". *Autres temps, autres moeurs*? The real change is slight. The principle to which Bell subscribed shows no more understanding of style than has been shown by the authors of the Alternative Service Book, who thought that an alleged "modern style" would bring home the bacon. The weakness is the mark of a profound intellectual fault. The defeat, in 1932 as more recently, is in the Church's exposition of its meaning; if it could recover in that respect, style would look after itself. A liturgical drama requires a basis of common apprehension in author and audience, which means a bond of a kind we should be as likely to cast political as religious. Such a bond cannot have a Christian character in a society in which theology does not speak a language which is intelligible to the secular world. Nor, in this state of things, can a liturgy be rewritten: to talk of making it "intelligible" is either a laugh or a lie. Pending a new clarification of meanings, better try to understand what our ancestors were saying. And perhaps, meanwhile, we had better rely on such occasional insights into the truth as we may get from the odd dramatist incidentally, rather than look for a bishop who will again revive "religious drama".

The second (1980) volume of the new American periodical review (University Press of Virginia, \$20.00, 0 8139 0865 5) begins with an optimistic editorial preface recording the favourable response to the first issue, which provided a useful forum for long and searching reviews of significant new works of literary scholarship. Several of the 1980 essays are concerned with English medieval texts, including a massive comparison of the recent B and C text editions of *Piers Plowman*, and there are essays on *Four Quartets*, *Ulysses* and "Women's Biographies of Woman" to give variety to over 400 pages of authoritative comment.

In loco parentis

By Aidan McFarlane

JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN, ANNA FREUD,
ALBERT J. SOLNIT
Before the Best Interests of the Child
288pp. André Deutsch, £7.95 (paper-
back, £4.95).
0 253 97243 9

In their first book, *Before the Best Interests of the Child*, the authors - a Professor of Law at Yale, the Director of the Hampstead Child Therapy Clinic and a Professor of Paediatrics and Psychiatry at Yale - sought to answer the question how the law, once it has intervened in the care of a child, can ensure the best chance of normal physical growth and emotional development through the manipulation of the child's external environment. What escaped them then and is dealt with in this new book is the much more difficult question of what in the first place justifies substituting the state's judgment for that of parents in the care of a child.

Certain aspects of British and American law are clear on what constitutes a breach of parental responsibilities and give notice of the state's power to intervene, for instance in such areas as child labour, compulsory education and immunization (though in this last there are interesting differences between the United States and England). But the laws on state intervention in other

aspects of parental control are vague, and it is this area which is the subject of *Before the Best Interests of the Child*.

Three principal questions are asked. What should constitute reasonable cause for inquiry by agents of the state into individual parent-child relationships? What should constitute sufficient cause for the state to modify or officially terminate such a relationship? And, if there is cause for such action, which of the available alternative placements is least detrimental? The work is essentially a guide to current policies concerning these questions and acknowledges such contradictions as that between, for instance, society's belief in the blood tie and its apprehension that family life is detrimental.

A serious problem is that there are conflicting moves for and against state-sponsored interference in "different types" of situation - understandably in view of the complexity of the issues involved. How should the state behave for instance after the American finding in the early 1970s that many black children from the ghettos of Boston had been extensively beaten by their biological parents? Sociological investigation showed that all that the practice was an accepted mode of discipline within this sub-culture.

The authors therefore rightly emphasize that because of the ramifications of the problems involved, the law can never adequately adapt to individual cases.

They do, however, advocate minimal state intervention and suggest that in the case of placement the least detrimental alternative should be found, and "if the state cannot or will not provide something better the least detrimental alternative would be to let the status quo persist, however unsatisfactory that might be". Although this attitude might appear to run counter to recent research findings in America which suggest that in cases of severe child abuse early and "consistent" fostering (to wit one family) has the best outcomes, it is not totally inconsistent with it.

The second half of the book is almost entirely devoted to case reports, a long list of horrors which give emotional flesh to the logical bones of the first half. The authors point out in quoting from Grant Gilmore, "Law reflects but in no sense determines the moral world of a society. A reasonably just society will reflect its values in a reasonably just law. The better the society, the less law there will be." It should therefore be emphasized that the society which produces current legislation on the control of children by their parents is a society whose contradictions and differences ensure that two to three times as many children in America die in the first year of life than in Britain. The state as representative of the society punishes individual abuses of children on the one hand, but on the other hand it is itself responsible for some of the largest collective abuses.

They do, however, advocate minimal state intervention and suggest that in the case of placement the least detrimental alternative should be found, and "if the state cannot or will not provide something better the least detrimental alternative would be to let the status quo persist, however unsatisfactory that might be". Although this attitude might appear to run counter to recent research findings in America which suggest that in cases of severe child abuse early and "consistent" fostering (to wit one family) has the best outcomes, it is not totally inconsistent with it.

What does Forrester have in mind when he says that Freud accepted Stekel's use of fixed symbolism because "according to Freud's criteria Stekel was usually right"? There is no mention of criteria in the letter which Forrester cites though in another letter Freud says Stekel "has the best nose of any of us for the secrets of the unconscious". Because he is a perfect swine, whereas we are really decent people who submit only reluctantly to the evidence. Was this wisdom one of Freud's criteria?

Forrester's own contribution to the theory of the neurasthenic consists in generalizing Freud's procedure in his analyses of hearing fantasies and of persecutory feelings. The patient's illness must first be translated into a propositional form and then traced backwards to the primal utterance of which its stages were transformations. The language of the symptom, he writes, "could be conceived of as a set of marks that is structured by derivatives of primal sentences - the core of the neuroses." But to what end and symptoms, to be so conceived by the word "cure" comes trippingly off Forrester's tongue but he nowhere presents any reasons for crediting that the phenomenon he is so lovingly and capriciously describes has ever taken place. Where has it been shown that the psychotherapeutically induced reminiscence of suffering or incapacity was due to the recovery and utterance of a primal sentence which formed the core of the neuroses? Perhaps Forrester is aware of this objection for he also speaks of "conviction or belief as the final touchstone of therapeutic success", so that acquiescence in psychoanalytic theory is no longer merely a condition of cure but has become cure itself.

How to see whole

By Mark Casserley

PATRICIA CLEMENTS and JULIET GRINDLE (Editors)
The Poetry of Thomas Hardy
196pp. Vision Press, £10.95.
0 85478 334 2

The editors describe this book as "a contribution to the renewed conversation about Hardy's poems" and call them "a complex, large, experimental, odd, rich, sometimes troubling, compelling body of poems". The parade of adjectives is appropriate to the view of Hardy's poetry enforced by the book. So far the word "conversation" since the book is much like a different point of view are offered, each anxiously defining its individuality before being succeeded by the next, some passages don't seem much to the point, while others are more valuable; certain poems add even critical concepts to the notion of a poem being a word or (like) repeated phrases in a conversation.

The authors appear to assume that the *Complete Poems* are to be read as a whole, so that the problems of scale and of subtextual realization in the poetry as a whole find a response in the book's label Grundle, for example, in discussing "mistaken and evaded" in Hardy's

poetry, stresses his artistry, his use of irony, and his deliberate use of an uncommon vocabulary. Her aim is to emphasize the sudden surprises his poetry can spring, although she is sometimes overzealous in defending Hardy against charges of incomprehensibility.

This charge is dealt with most effectively by close analysis, as in Ronald Markes's essay on Hardy's rhymes. His analyses of "Proud Soothers" and of "In front of the Landscapes" are particularly useful. So, too, are several of S.C. Neve's interpretations: she reveals Hardy's prosody to be a source of meaning in his poetry, and brings this out particularly well in discussing "Dora's gone to Ireland". In general, she is very good on the contrast between an emotionally reticent surface, and the depths revealed by prosody; all this comes out of her excellent analysis of "The Master and the Leaves".

Further stimulus is given by the variety of approaches to be found in the book. It is sometimes as if Hardy were being regarded from across different frontiers, all touching him at some isolated point. Thus he is examined, from the biographical point of view, in the poem "The Poet's Boy", and in his discussion of the self related to "Nature", and is considered as a man responding to the ideas of his time, particularly in *The Dynasts*. Not all the approaches are convin-

ing; some of them have to be kept up by leaping from poem to poem, rather than through a properly sustained argument. When such an essay ends, it does not conclude, but simply stops.

Often, however, a particular idea provides a useful key to some of the poems, even a general explanation. The work by Patricia Ingham, Patricia Clements, and Jon Stallworthy are all useful in this way. Clements, for example, suggests, interestingly, that Hardy sees the mind as mechanical and formal, the world as shifting and alive. Ingham uses a discussion of Hardy's view of time to suggest that figures in his poetry are victims of events already long past. Stallworthy uses images of light, moonlight, and mirrors as a skeleton key to open up poems such as "The Pedagogue" and "Hokey-moon: 'Tillia at an Inn" amongst others. For Stallworthy, the central theme of Hardy's poems is "Love betrayed, eclipsed, or suffering", while Clements maintains that "Hardy's later work is dominated by its inquiry into the relation of the mind to the world it inhabits." It is perhaps one of the virtues of these essays that no consensus appears on this or other matters. Instead, "whole-seeing in poetry" to use Hardy's term, is encouraged in the reader, so that the poems become larger in scale, and reading them becomes a challenging experience. This countering-planned book is more than the sum of its parts.

Reckoning with the Beast

Animals, Pain and Humanity in the Victorian Mind
JAMES TURNER

Victorianism was the seedbed of numerous concepts that have influenced British and American thought to this day. Many of these ideas have been thoroughly analysed by historians; others have not. From the latter category historian James Turner has chosen to focus on the great rise of Victorian concern for the humane treatment of animals, one of the most noteworthy flowerings of such sentiment in modern times and one that engaged the support of the rich and the powerful, of church dignitaries, peers and ministers, and the queen herself.

Was there more to this than the sentimentalism or quaint enthusiasm of a mawkish age? The author believes emphatically so, and in exploring the origins and manifestations of the phenomenon in England and America, he offers a fresh perspective on such varied aspects of Victorian culture as attitudes toward sex, pain, child labour, women, poverty and science.

Turner draws on extensive research in the archives of animal protection societies, literature of the period, and controversial writings on the treatment of animals. He argues that the dual shocks of industrialization and urbanisation helped produce a deeper emotional identification with the natural world.

224 pp. £7.50

The Johns Hopkins University Press
Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W.1.

John C. H. Sisson

Art in Poland: ambiguity. . .

By Michael Irwin

Rough Treatment
Camden Plaza Cinema.

The management of the Camden Plaza presents a consistently challenging series of foreign-language films, and assists patrons by displaying a selection of newspaper and magazine articles that might help to put the current offering in perspective. In the case of Andrzej Wajda's *Rough Treatment* a number of these reviews, though enthusiastic, show traces of uncertainty, as though the critic were not quite sure of himself. Since in outline, at least, the story concerned is a simple one it seems worth trying to locate the source of the unease.

The hero of the film is a Polish foreign correspondent specialising in South American affairs. A man of integrity and courage, he has won sufficient reputation, both as journalist and author, to rank as a household name in Poland. We see him first in a television interview, in which he appears able and authoritative, if a little too pleased with his way of life. All unknown to him, however, even as the programme is transmitted his wife is preparing to desert him for another man, taking her infant daughter with her. This proves to be the first of a series of blows, professional and domestic. On a panel to select the book of the year he is out-manoeuvred by his wife's lover, a febrile young arriviste, "a creep in glasses". A course of university lectures he has been scheduled to give is abruptly cancelled without consultation. The editor of his newspaper suddenly withdraws the chance of an assignment abroad. All these rebuffs, and several more, he accepts only under defiant protest. A friend warns him that he may be in danger of losing his instinct for self-preservation. In the same stubborn spirit he refuses to concede that his marriage cannot be saved: if his wife is to force him she must prove his guilt. He speaks out boldly, but with each reverse he loses ground, is shifted towards destruction.

To a western audience the tantalizing, and to some extent frustrating, aspect of the film is an essential ambiguity of stylistic level. Wajda is known to be a disident artist, and work of his is likely to contain encoded criticism of the ruling regime in Poland. Recent events make possible hints of this kind doubly interesting. *Rough Treatment* was made in 1978: might it not contain premonitions of the trouble to erupt two years later? It would seem that the course of "treatment" depicted might indeed be suffered by an individual in today's or yesterday's Poland. Is the story a transcription of actual events? Does the journalist, perhaps, stand for Wajda himself? Such considerations provide an inducement to interpret the story in fairly literal terms.

On the other hand, the hero's sufferings are not unlike those of Kafka's K. Should they not be viewed more abstractly? Wajda has always been lavishly in metaphor. Certain scenes or episodes seem to work almost solely at the figurative level. At a low point in the hero's fortunes a student named Agata, who moves in with him. He later claims to know neither who she is nor what she does — a reasonable assertion, given her reluctance to speak. When his teenage daughter flies in from boarding-school in an attempt to effect a reconciliation between her parents, she immediately orders: "Agata, out! Clear out of here! This is my father's house." The intruder who has been squatting half-naked on a

mat with muffs over her ears, pats the daughter's cheek and departs immediately, still without a word. Her only utterance has been the final speech of the whole picture. Her function is plainly symbolic, as not only her taciturnity but her tense, scalded face suggests. The reviewer who complains that her attachment to the hero is inadequately explained, or, for that matter, that the wife really is a bit too neurotic to be credible, has lost his bearings.

On the other hand it isn't easy to say what such characters do in fact stand for. The metaphorical aspect of a "disident" Polish film will be obscure almost by definition: if it were not the film would fall foul of the censor. At one point the "creep in glasses" makes a passionate and by no means contemptible attack on the journalist, and by implication on Wajda himself, denouncing those writers and artists who constantly revert to the criterion "Will it pass?". Such a habit of circumspection can itself circumscribe. The "coffee-house oppositionist" snipes from safe cover yet affects boldness. As in the case of the journalist, his reward may be celebrity and comparative affluence. The Polish title of *Rough Treatment* means "without anaesthetic" — a reference to a scene in which the hero learns about his wife's unfaithfulness while he is having a tooth extracted (at his own insistence) without a pain-killing injection. In a wider sense the anaesthetic which he rejects comprehends various officially-proffered

euphemisms and evasions — but it also represents the self-congratulatory brand of integrity that he displays in the television interview. Wajda's moral investigations have always been the more telling for his willingness to take account of the charges that might be levelled against himself. *Rough Treatment* sustains that honesty.

It must be admitted that such a film is only partially accessible to a western audience. Our response to the allegory is clouded by our remoteness from the pressures that help to define it and by our ignorance of specific issues, institutions, personalities that might be glanced at. Wajda is a Pole signalling to Poles. But the quality of his work can be at least partly perceived by outsiders. *Rough Treatment* moves with brusque energy from one harsh encounter to another. Wajda does without music and almost without backgrounds. The small screen is repeatedly filled by faces in close-up, faces variously smug, sly, angry, strained, affectionate, suspicious. A Polish audience would know that here is the insensitiveness of a bored official, there the shiftiness of a Party time-server. Zbigniew Zapasiewicz, in the leading role, gives a marvelous performance, his mature and intelligent face not merely responsive but seeming positively to evolve through the series of arguments, interviews and parleys that successively erode his existence. What a London audience can confidently recognize in *Rough Treatment* is technique, assurance and intensity.

... and the censors

By Gordon Bowker

In Poland, censorship is exercised through the so-called Central Office for Control of Press, Publications and Performances. Its jurisdiction is wide, covering not only the press, books, performances and films, but also small items such as invitation cards, newspaper advertisements and diplomas. At present it is answerable only to the Prime Minister, and has sweeping powers to order raids, searches and arrests. Despite all this, there has long been a flourishing underground press in Poland, stoutly defying governmental control; and writers and publishers have sometimes been harassed, beaten, and jailed as a result. In other spheres of the arts social criticism has had to be cloaked in metaphor or otherwise half-concealed, as in Wajda's film *Rough Treatment*, in the hope of deceiving the dull censorious eye.

At the moment, however, the activities of the censorship office seem to be temporarily in suspension. Wajda has just completed a new film called *Man of Iron*, about the shipyard workers in Gdansk whose strike last summer helped to precipitate the present political ferment; and Jerzy Stuhr's play *Polemos*, banned three times since it was written in 1977, has been playing to packed houses since it opened in Warsaw in January. Many of the writers and publishers of the uncensored press have emerged from underground and a new free press has blossomed.

This easing of censorship in Poland is the result of the Gdansk Agreement between the government and the newly-formed free unions. Interestingly enough, the unions placed freedom of expression third

among their demands, before their demands for improved wage rates. Now a tripartite Commission on Censorship, consisting of the Ministry of Justice, Solidarity and the newly-formed Co-ordinating Committee for Creative and Scientific Societies (CCCSS — an alliance of writers, artists and academics) has drafted a new law, the main provisions of which concern the status and powers of the censorship office and the rights of the accused. It also attempts to define precisely what constitutes "a state secret" — an important "political" alliance regarded by the government as particularly sensitive areas.

The playwright Jerzy Stuhr, who is also Vice-President of the Polish Writers' Union, represents the CCCSS on the Commission on Censorship, and, according to him, the main concession won from the government is that censored writers will have the right to appeal to the courts and the government will have to justify its actions within a specified time. One major point of disagreement, however, is over the jurisdiction under which the censorship office should fall. The government wishes it to remain answerable to the Prime Minister; the CCCSS and Solidarity want it transferred to the Sejm (Parliament). The government also wants to include penalties such as fines or imprisonment for violation of the new law, but the unions and the societies are firmly opposed to this.

The draft law is soon to go before the Sejm where a compromise formula will have to be produced. Jerzy Stuhr, however, thinks that neither Solidarity nor the CCCSS are in the mood for compromise.

An exhibition, opened next Thursday, May 20, at Bowes and Bowes, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Broken images

By Kate Flint

Fragments Against Ruin
Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield.

The title of the Arts Council travelling exhibition, *Fragments Against Ruin*, warns one against expecting much innovation or experimentation from the paintings and sculptures on show. Julian Spalding has chosen an eclectic group of props with which to shore up contemporary culture.

Given £15,000 by the Arts Council to spend over two years on works of art for their loan collection, he claims in the catalogue introduction to have concentrated on relatively unknown artists: a policy which has certainly resulted in some attractive regional finds. Paul Waplington, a Nottingham lace designer, is represented by a crowded aerial perspective of his native town, a tilted mosaic of ochre roofs and chimneys; Peter Mitchell shows a set of small square colour photographs of disappearing Leeds, from demolition workers standing among the tattered wallpaper and rubble of the notorious Quarry Hill flats, to red brick corner shops and a backstreet fly colony.

Two remarks in Spalding's brief introduction reveal the assumptions behind the exhibition. His first prerequisite, "that the works had to be about something", is interpreted in a way that largely excludes the self-referential possibilities of painting. With the exception of Francis Davison's large, dated, torn paper collages and an untitled canvas from Graham Foster constructed around phallic forms, there are no abstract works on show. Spalding prefers the traditional academic stand-bys of anecdote, landscape and portrait. And the second demand which he places on his selection also harks back to nineteenth-century critical standards: one test which he applied to see if a work had been fully realized in visual terms... was to see if the general effect was enhanced when one looked at the work in detail: a remark which recalls those Victorians who stood a foot away from Monet's haystacks to peer, disappro-

vingly, at the scrappy canvas patch. No doubt this explains the absence with minutiae manifested by many of Spalding's artists: sometimes producing intriguing results, as in Ray Smith's "V: Venomous V: Venomous", sometimes hard-edged realism of the baked bean and cigarette pecked school (Bob Robinson's "A Preference to Crisps"); sometimes more exercised in decorative palette, as seen in the schoolboy-style coloured soldier in "The Battle of Chacabuco", painted by the late Martin Hardart.

Certain works redeem this exhibition from the tired techniques employed by many of the artists. In Pollock's painting of alcoholics in the Bowery, hunched against a bar and curled on a pavement running and spilt liquids, is successfully suggestive of Magel Clyde's etchings as well as of the well-defined characters. By implication, W. H. Hudson is, and possesses, one of these things. Well, as for toughness, I have mentioned that already as for discipline, Joseph Conrad went to school to him in order to discover how he gained his effects — "He writes as the grass grows"; as for accuracy, naturalists today treat his observations with profound respect and, as for "strong plot" etc., I wonder if Mr O'Hanlon has read *El Ombu*.

On the whole it seems unlikely that a man Ford Madox Ford mentioned in the same breath as Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Stephen Crane, whom Edward Thomas regarded with awe, as his spiritual father, could be the half-duddy suggested by Mr O'Hanlon.

To praise one good thing (the television series), it is surely unnecessary to attempt to destroy another? P. J. KAVANAGH, Sparrowthorn, Elkstone, nr Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL53 9PX.

Mr. — What Redmond O'Hanlon (Commentary, May 8) is that *Bread or Blood* contained more material to further its message than could be found in Hudson. But did Hudson have to be drawn upon at all? Few lovers of *A Shepherd's Life* value it as a retrospective tract for the times. Those who exercise their right to love Hudson's remarkable and far from facile work very little recognizable material other than names. If Peter Smith's real purpose is correctly discerned by O'Hanlon, then Smith would have done better to use Charles Kingsley than Hudson. He could have inserted whole chunks of *Alton Locke* un-

dermined. It is the subtlety of the choice of paintings which has caused their lack of unity. To say we should not share the somewhat conservative preferences suggested by the title, a heap of broken images, might seem a more apposite question to employ.

Fragments Against Ruin is at Sheffield from May 23 to June 21. It goes on there to Southampton, Portsmouth, Bredford, Hull, Durham and Bournemouth about a month in each.

Cocktails and corpses

By T. J. Binyon

House Guest
Savoy Theatre.

When the curtain goes up for the first time on Francis Durbridge's new thriller to reveal that the drawing-room of Robert and Stella Drury's house near Weybridge has a built-in cocktail bar, we know exactly where we are, socially as well as topographically: nothing occurs in the rest of the play to change that first impression. The bar is not just a pretty face. There is a great deal of business with degenerate, bottle and glass; and, of course, with cigarette, lighter and ashtray. At one point Stella (Susan Hampshire) offers a guest one box but helps herself from another — perhaps a visual equivalent for the good old line: "Turkish this side, gashers the other."

Visual interest of another kind is provided by Miss Hampshire's gowns: run up in the very same atelier as Lady Diana Spencer's wedding dress. The first, in white jersey, gives a round of applause on its initial appearance (the dress is surely not just for the weather); but the monogrammed housewife's pale coffee-coloured

satins, and the beige crepe of the creation she wears to foil the villain are equally seductive.

Not all the acting flies easily into the framework of graceful living. Gerald Horner, as Robert Drury, conveys increasing emotional stress by increasingly loud shouts, while Stephen Cluett (Barry Stokes), breezily, athletically round the stage, dishing a reveller, obviously that he is in a modern ballet version of Mickey Spillane novel. They do it, true, have a difficult task. The play perfectly demonstrates — if somewhat extreme, naturalism, that the play is real life might provoke a mild titter in the saloon bar fall on the stage with the impact of all pieces of this world, alighting on the turret of a Tietz hotel.

It would be unfair to reveal any of the plot. The author certainly does not intend to puzzle in the first act, and ends it with a fine curtain line. The solution given in the second act is anti-climatic. So much so, indeed, that one is reduced to wondering whether the Drury's have known what heads for the evening preceding with corpses that are carried upstairs, not, apparently, the done right, Weybridge to pile them up in the shed.

'Bread or Blood'

Sir, — I share with Redmond O'Hanlon ("Better than the books", Commentary, May 8) an admiration for the television series *Bread or Blood* which, as he suggests, bore little relation to Hudson's *A Shepherd's Life*. However, unlike him, I feel no need to heat Hudson about the head on account of this.

He accuses Hudson of being "twee" and preoccupied with the "quaint" and gives examples of him being so. Hudson could be those things, rarely, although the "tweeness" of words like "quaint" and "little" to our ears ought to be qualified by some sense of the passing of time and consequent change in the weighting of the words, but his own, when he is read extensively, as Mr O'Hanlon could wish.

He says it was a relief to discover the television series — "tough, disciplined, seriously attempting historical accuracy" — possessed a strong plot and well-defined characters. By implication, W. H. Hudson is, and possesses, one of these things. Well, as for toughness, I have mentioned that already as for discipline, Joseph Conrad went to school to him in order to discover how he gained his effects — "He writes as the grass grows"; as for accuracy, naturalists today treat his observations with profound respect and, as for "strong plot" etc., I wonder if Mr O'Hanlon has read *El Ombu*.

On the whole it seems unlikely that a man Ford Madox Ford mentioned in the same breath as Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Stephen Crane, whom Edward Thomas regarded with awe, as his spiritual father, could be the half-duddy suggested by Mr O'Hanlon.

To praise one good thing (the television series), it is surely unnecessary to attempt to destroy another?

P. J. KAVANAGH, Sparrowthorn, Elkstone, nr Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL53 9PX.

Mr. — What Redmond O'Hanlon (Commentary, May 8) is that *Bread or Blood* contained more material to further its message than could be found in Hudson. But did Hudson have to be drawn upon at all? Few lovers of *A Shepherd's Life* value it as a retrospective tract for the times. Those who exercise their right to love Hudson's remarkable and far from facile work very little recognizable material other than names. If Peter Smith's real purpose is correctly discerned by O'Hanlon, then Smith would have done better to use Charles Kingsley than Hudson. He could have inserted whole chunks of *Alton Locke* un-

dermined. It is the subtlety of the choice of paintings which has caused their lack of unity. To say we should not share the somewhat conservative preferences suggested by the title, a heap of broken images, might seem a more apposite question to employ.

Fragments Against Ruin is at Sheffield from May 23 to June 21. It goes on there to Southampton, Portsmouth, Bredford, Hull, Durham and Bournemouth about a month in each.

Ihering's Descendants

GEOFFREY ROBINSON,
8-21 Newbury Street, Whitechurch,
Hants RG28 2LQ.

Sir, — As a W. H. Hudson biographer I am impelled by Redmond O'Hanlon's critique (Commentary, May 8) to attempt to put the relationship between the BBC television series, *Bread or Blood*, and Hudson's classic book, *A Shepherd's Life*, into proper perspective.

Firstly it must be appreciated that the book is not a work of fiction. Much of it concerns Hudson's own observations of, and experiences on, the South Downs; and the greater part of it is a reminiscence of his childhood — "reminders of the past" about "1833" onwards — made no attempt to dramatize Hudson's reporting the facts in so far as he was able to ascertain them. Moreover, in 1918, as he told the London Times, "I had no idea of the facts."

In getting all the facts of the Lives family together, the work he had ever done, was to put the facts together. In May 1979 the German Historical Institute London brought together the leading representatives of the family. We apologize for this printing error.

tion — the circumstances of "Caleb's" birth in the second episode, for instance — do not feature in the book and are presumably fictitious.

To summarize: relatively little of the total content of *A Shepherd's Life* appears in *Bread or Blood*.

DENNIS SHRUBSALL,
6 Courtwood Close, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP1 2RX.

Sir, — It would be a pity if either Redmond O'Hanlon's arrogant review of *Bread or Blood*'s strident improvisations on *A Shepherd's Life* put people off reading the book. Mr O'Hanlon does not appear to have read it, and most of it is absent from *Bread or Blood*, whatever one thinks of that series.

Why should one agree that Conrad's "actual" opinion of Hudson is necessarily contained in "an unpublished review found amongst his papers" rather than elsewhere? Hudson was not one of "those that go about crying up the excellence of the world", nor is he "insistently condescending to his rural subjects". Hudson's attitudes vary from subject to subject — from individual to individual — and he is never condescending: it is hard to think of a book less condescending to a "rural subject" than *A Shepherd's Life*. Nor was his author "uneasy about his social class"; he was born of American parents in Argentina, and this gave him a detachment that makes him effectively classless. He was not much drawn to upper-class rural life, nor was he much interested in class conflict, though *Bread or Blood* chooses to focus on this. He was not unimportant: he had the clearest respect for Caleb Baycomb's reticence and privacy, which must of course be discarded for the ends of BBC television. Hudson is not "forever comparing the downs to the pampas", nor can one simply declare that his writing about England is diminished by the "gap at the base" of an Argentine childhood. It was that "gap at the base", combined with his powers of observation, that gave his vision of many aspects of English life and nature an unaccommodated clarity that can still disturb people like Mr O'Hanlon who are obviously happier with something cosier and more familiar — like *Bread or Blood*. (There are other ways of lapsing into sentimentality besides rhapsodizing about marigolds.)

MALCOLM DEAS,
St Antony's College, Oxford OX2 6JF.

Sir, — Eugene Kamenka, in his review-article (May 1), is mistaken in stating that G.R. Elton is a direct descendant of Rudolf von Ihering, although he is right about Olivia Newton-John. Professor Kamenka's confusion may be due to the fact that Elton's father, the classical historian Victor Ehrenberg, bore the same name as my grandfather who was professor of jurisprudence at Göttingen. Although Elton's grandfather and mine were brothers, it was the latter who married Ihering's daughter Helene, incidentally, traced her ancestry to Luther.

Miss Newton-John, for the benefit of future biographers, is the granddaughter of my father's sister (and, as far as I know, neither did so) and had not been familiar with a responsible member of the literary profession; he could not even have been considered.

"Likewise, so I and a few others argued, if the 'best' living writers in the language — for instance,

Scots Law

Sir, — I am sorry not to have been able to reply before this to the letter from Alexander Murdoch and Hector L. Macqueen (May 1) who complained about a remark I made in reviewing *Europe and America* (ed W. Prest). One of the essays in that volume, I suggested, indicates that "before the sixteenth century Scots law simply did not exist". I also added that it would be injudicious at that time to consider the implications of this bombshell, but it seems that I bought myself very little time by such cowardly caution. Mr Murdoch, author of the essay in question, wishes to dissociate himself from my remark on the grounds that "the creation of the common law of Scotland was an achievement... of the Middle Ages". I naturally accept his expert opinion but would respectfully suggest that it is one hardly to be inferred from his demonstration that the royal Court of Sessions, instituted in the 1530s, was needed to get the landed classes "to forsake private warfare for litigation as a means of resolving their disputes", especially since this point is linked to statements according to which "the rest of society received its law from the great landed families through the feudal web of local hereditary jurisdictions which persisted in Scotland until 1747" and "in the highlands the word of the chief was law... with little reference to lowland lawyers". Mr Murdoch rightly emphasizes the notable separateness of Scotland: do I understand that this separateness extends to the meaning to be given to the term "common law"?

G. R. ELTON,
Clare College, Cambridge CB2 1TL.

'Selected Poems' of Howard Sergeant

Sir, — I am obliged to Stewart Brown (Letters, May 8) for pointing out that practically all the poems included in my *Selected Poems* were taken from volumes published in 1946 and 1954, though this important piece of information was omitted in the review of the book by Tom Ditch (April 3). It may well have been wiser to include recent work to provide some kind of balance; but it was on the strength of the selection as it stands that I was given the Henry Shaw Award and was felt that the later poems should be published in a separate volume.

Since a totally incorrect impression.

Castellarium Anglicanum

by D.J. Cathcart King

An Index and Bibliography of the Castles in England, Wales and the Islands. 2 vols. 1981.

Cloth DM 328.00 (£70.00)

Prepublication price until 31 August 1981: Cloth DM 276.00 (£60.00)

(U.K. customers may order at sterling prices.)

- 1,500 castles (extant, vanished, possible, rejected, walled towns, etc.) listed;
- ordnance survey location reference, physical and historical description; extensive bibliographic references;
- 50 distribution maps.

Further details may be obtained from KTO London Ltd, 27 Red Lion Street, London WC1R 4PS, England; Order to: Kraus-Thomson Org GmbH, Ruckertstrasse 1, D-8000 München 2, West Germany.

NEW WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY of the English Language

- Comprehensive, easy-to-use reference work with 100,000 terms — each with origin, precise definition, usage, pronunciation;
- includes scientific and technical entries;
- 800 illustrations clarify definitions and show graphic detail.

£11.95, 1,856pp, 248 x 172mm, 0 8326 0035 0

Distributed by ROBSON BOOKS, 28 Poland Street, London W1

may have been given by the review, I ought in all fairness to be made clear to your readers that Mr Ditch's observations should be confined to poems originally published thirty years ago, and not extended to my current output which, written in contemporary style and idiom, may prove more in keeping with his taste.

HOWARD SERGEANT.

72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL.

Short Stories

Sir, — Valentine Cunningham's review of Joyce Carol Oates's new collection of short stories, *A Seedsmen's Education* (March 20), began in this way: "Short stories are highly determined forms of fiction. They are always about to end, and shortly. So they've come to specialize in the short sharp shock, the twist in the tale, the punchline. They attract, in short, nastily surprising, inevitably violent ends."

Reading those dogmatic sentences one felt the nasty shock Mr Cunningham alludes to passing violently through the surprised reader and on into such short stories as "The Man Who Would Be King" (Kipling), "The Beast in the Jungle" (James), "Araby" (Joyce), "Prelude" (Mansfield), "The Secret Sharer" (Conrad), "The Artificial Nigger" (O'Connor), "The Gimpel the Fool" (Singer), "That Evening Sun" (Faulkner), "The Darling" (Chekhov), "Soldier's Home" (Hemingway), "Friends" (Paley), "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (Thurber), and even the one "we all came out from under" — Gogol's "The Overcoat".

One could go on for some time citing examples of masterly short stories that do not answer to Mr Cunningham's description. The twist he administers to the tale (which Mr Cunningham jocularly spells "tale" for, he, is an Oxford word) limits, trivializes and misrepresents the possibilities of the form while holding up its vices and pitfalls as if they were inescapable, and even in some way admirable. His description may very well fit the sort of stories Joyce Carol Oates has written; I haven't read them and cannot say. But I do read Grace Paley's whispering to Harry James: "He's not talking about us, thank goodness. But who the hell is he talking about?"

LORNA TRACY
Apt No 2, 1416 S Second Street,
Louisville, Kentucky 40208.

La Sorcellerie

Sir, — I am the translator of Jeanne Favret-Saada's book, *Deadly Words*, reviewed by Lucy Mair (May 1). She argues that I should have translated the French *sortellerie* by "sorcery" rather than "witchcraft", and adds: "Then it would have been unnecessary to invent the ungainly word 'unwitcher', to translate *desorcelleur*". I did not invent the word "unwitcher" as can be ascertained by a look at the *OED*. Lucy Mair believes that "there is no French word for witchcraft as opposed to sorcery". It would be truer to say that there is no French word for sorcery as opposed to witchcraft. *Sorcellerie* and sorcery are false friends. *Sorcellerie* and witchcraft have been used to translate each other for centuries (including in the French translation of Evans-Pritchard's book on Zande witchcraft). Incidentally, *Deadly Words* was not translated by "Catherine Allen" but by

CATHERINE CULLEN.

33 rue Cr  lebarbe, Paris.

Yankees

Sir, — On the etymology of "Yankee", your reviewer D. J. Enright (April 10) cites three possible etymologies for the word Yankee, two of them of Dutch origin. Allow me the pedantry of pointing out two inaccuracies.

First, the Dutch words Jan Kees cannot be rendered into English as John Cheese. Kees is the diminutive of Cornelius. Cheese is "Kaas" in Dutch, close, but certainly not to be confused with "Kees".

Second, the diminutive of Jan is Jantje, not Janke. Thus Jan Kees and Jantje are simply names (quite common ones) which may have been used by the early Dutch settlers to designate

their British counterparts. In present Dutch usage a "Jantje" is a sailor of the Royal Dutch Navy. It is, moreover, found in a number of widely used sayings, e.g. "een Jantje van Leiden": somebody who cuts corners.

Finally, let me point out that the mistake should not be attributed to your reviewer, but rather to the sources he cites.

R. E. WESSELS.

Van Oatdelaan 32, Krimpen a/d Yssel, The Netherlands.

Poets Against the Bomb

Sir, — Carol Rumens (Commentary, May 1) suggests that the reading by "Poets Against the Bomb" in Chelsea Town Hall "seemed to inherit something of the spirit of that historic happening at the Albert Hall in 1965", and that "with fourteen performers... it certainly soared over its predecessor as to length". In fact the first Albert Hall session, with eighteen poets, ran virtually non-stop for four and a half hours — a good forty-five minutes longer than the CND pls. More to the point, only a few hundred attended the latter, whereas "its predecessor" is the only poet-meet I know of ever to have attracted an audience of anything like 7,000 in Britain.

Your reporter registers "a confused, slightly dated, but not unexciting impression" of the current "poetry world" from last month's ending. She might have derived an equally exciting, and rather less dated one, from the "Poetry Olympics" launched at Westminster Abbey last September, in that several younger poets held forth, alongside their elders, in diverse inventive bardic styles — John Cooper Clarke,

Linton Kwesi Johnson, the exiled Russian Edward Lomax, and Janine Pommy Vega from New York.

It makes no sense to say that the sort of claims to spiritual authority, but the inception of the Olympics idea (as witness my article about it in *New Departures*) did drive most deliberately to the energies which came to such a secular confluence under Albert dome sixteen years ago. And look to go on doing (without, I hope, getting stuck in a time-war), not because of their militant internationalism but, particularly, in the effort to get the organization of poetic communications back into the hands of the poets.

MICHAEL HOROVITZ.

Editor, *New Departures*, 100 Stroud, Glos GL6 7BU.

'The Burning Pestle'

Sir, — With regard to Stue Wells's review of the RSC's *Burning Pestle* (Commentary, May 1) may I point out that in his Beaumont's text and Bogdanov's production Ralph is the good-natured, not the son of a bitch. This mistake seems also to cut back on the reviewer's understanding of "Beaumont's structure" which the RSC production is alleged to mimic.

GRAHAM LAW.

57 Stanley Road, Brighton, East Sussex.

Christopher Booker's *The Game* — *A Moscow Journal*, reviewed in TLS of April 10, is also published by Faber as a paperback (25.0 571 11763 5).

Among this week's contributors

GERALD ABRAHAM's *The Concise Oxford History of Music* was published last year.

SHERWIN BAILEY was, until recently, a residential canon of Wells Cathedral.

JOHN BARRELL's most recent book is *The Dark Side of the Landscape: the Rural Poor in English Painting 1730-1840*, 1980.

DAVID BINOMAN's *Hogarth* was published earlier this year.

ALAN BROWNJOHN's most recent collection of poems is *A Night in the Gazebo*, 1980.

IAN BROWNIE is Chichele Professor of Public International Law at the University of Oxford. He is the editor of *Basic Documents on Human Rights* which was published earlier this year.

HUMPHREY CARPENTER's biography of W. H. Auden will be published next month.

FRANK COHEN is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Essex.

PATRICIA CRAIG's critical study, *The Lady Investigator: Women Detectives and Spies in Fiction*, a collaboration with Mary Cadogan, was published earlier this year.

DON CURRY's *Taking Leave of God* was published in 1980.

P. N. FURMAN's books include *E. M. Forster: A Life*, 1976. He is presently at work on a new book, *The Concept of Social Class*.

ROY HARRIS is Professor of General Linguistics at the University of Oxford. His *The Language Myth* will be published by Duckworth this summer.

BRIAN HARRISON is Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

PETER HASSELTHWAITE's most recent book is *The New Inquisition: Schillebeeckx and Küng*, 1980.

ERIC HOMBERGER's books include *The Art of the Real: Poetry in England since 1939*, 1977.

JAMES HOWARD-JOHNSTON is a lecturer in Byzantine Studies at the University of Oxford.

SIR DAVID HUNT's books include *A Don at War*, 1966, and *On the Spot*, 1975.

MICHAEL IRWIN is Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Kent at Canterbury.

PETER KEMP's critical study, *H. G. Wells and the Cultural Ape*, will be published shortly.

D. M. KNIGHT's books include *Natural Science Books in English 1600-1900*, 1972.

OWEN LATTIMORE is Professor Emeritus of Chinese Studies at the University of Leeds.

HERMONY LEE is the author of *The Women of Virginia Woolf*, 1977.

PETER MARSHALL is Professor of American History at the University of Manchester.

BRIAN MONTGOMERY is the author of *A Field-Marshal in the Family*, 1973.

HUGH NOYES is the Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Times*.

TOM PHILLIPS's most recent book is *A Humument: A Treatise of a Victorian Novel*, 1980.

ANTHONY QUINCY's recent books include *Thoughts and Thinkers and Francis Bacon*, both 1980.

W. D. REDFERN's books include *The Private World of John Galsworthy*, 1967.

W. A. SEYMOUR (Editor): *A History of the Ordnance Survey* 24pp, 27 plates. Folkestone: Dawson. £5. 0 7129 0979 6

Anyone who can resist the fascination of a map must be cold and unimaginative indeed, for it is a symbol of the ingenuity and effort man deploys in gaining control over his environment. But it also offers pleasures of a more ephemeral kind. With Britain's Ordnance Survey maps, there is not only harmony of colour and elegant design to delight the eye (how is it possible to get such richness of detail so neatly and unconfusedly mapped?), there is also a wealth of archaeological detail to tempt the historian; the hint of long-forgotten buildings and junctions to charm the railway enthusiast; the lure of scheduled parks and forgotten arbours to entice the romantic; the tangle of many rivers, obscure footpaths and impossible cliffs to carry off the adventurous — not to mention the modernist and cyclist's multitudinous routes to Birmingham by way of Bechey Head.

There seems no end to the pleasures offered by what is surely one of the greatest among our national achievements. A market-survey of 1978 revealed, plausibly enough, that interest in maps is noticeably greater among men than among women, and significantly greater in south than north. But credibility is strained, for the reviewer at least, by the revelation that interest in maps peaks at about the age of forty-four, for how could the pleasure possibly have been postponed so long?

The history of Ordnance Survey mapping is a tale of minor heroism and perseverance well worth the telling. Its origins lie in the late eighteenth century's conjuncture of international scientific need, military requirement (in Scotland), and burgeoning private initiative in the production of county maps.

The obstacles to be overcome were formidable. Here, as with the early years, there was hostility to the very idea. Simon Woodcut, for example, surveying the terrain in North Devon during 1804, faced "insults and interruptions". Surveyors had to be armed; tripods and benchmarks established (6,500 pillars marked by 1935); long distances travelled, at that time without the aid of the railways; and all the hazards of the British weather prevailed in the remotest of spots.

Aerial photography and automated mapping have not entirely eliminated such dangers. In the primary triangulation of 1949, one observer in Scotland dislocated his shoulder while heading off an attack by Arctic skuas whose nesting he had inadvertently disturbed. It is hardly surprising to find that as late as 1972 participation in field-work was restricted to the male sex. Nor does it require much imagination to appreciate the difficulties flowing from the fact that the Survey's headquarters in Southampton did not enjoy electric lighting till 1900, and was not linked up to the national telephone system till 1914.

Then there were all the technical obstacles to be reached. Early Victorian argument abounded, for instance, on how best to depict land. And on what scales were the maps to be made? Machines took their toll. As early as the 1840s, but the argument over scales remains fully to this day. The Survey's own time with the advent of automation, like so many other national institutions, the Survey has to take the delicate decision on how far to automate public opinion and how far to follow it.

These are the serious problems in the early days, and in Wales were sometimes difficult even to comprehend. "Will you excuse my saying you?" wrote the Survey's superintendent, Thomas Colby, to a landowner in 1821, "with a question which seems in definitely settling

the orthography of the Glamorgan-shire Plate of the Ordnance Map—Penlyne Castle, Penlyn Castle, and Penllyn Castle near Cowbridge can you obtain correct information if any one of these is right?" The Survey did much to stabilize and even fossilize the spelling of local place-names.

Not the least among the Survey's difficulties was the problem of accommodation. In 1841 a fire in the Tower of London caused the Map Office to move down to Southampton, and then in 1940 Hitler's bombs destroyed much of the Survey's headquarters records before they had been fully duplicated. Not till the late 1960s did it get its first purpose-built accommodation.

To overcome these and other difficulties, formidable qualities were required. These were not lacking in a man like Colby, who dedicated his life to the Survey from 1811 till his retirement in 1846; for twenty-six of those years he was superintendent. He seems to have been one of those legendary nineteenth-century British figures whose energy caused him almost literally to run his colleagues off their feet.

"There was about him an air of will and determination", wrote a colleague, "which secured for him the obedience and respect of his subordinates." All who served under him in his early years, wrote another colleague, "will remember to have, on some occasion, met him running rather than walking (for such was his custom) along the street on his return from the Ordnance Office to the Tower, and to have been greeted by the hearty invitation: 'Come back, my boy, and take a beef-steak with me... or 'Come to the lecture at the London Institution, and let us take a chop by the way'". So dedicated was Colby to the Survey that when Parliament failed to vote sufficient money for it he forewent his salary for at least five years to help fill the gap, and was never reimbursed.

By the end of his career, the One-Inch survey had got up to the Hull-Preston line, Ireland had been surveyed and published at six inches to the mile, and the six-inch survey of Scotland was under way. The Ordnance Survey's team was skilled enough by the 1860s to be required for purposes well beyond the mapping of the United Kingdom; in 1864-65, for instance, its mapping of Jerusalem helped to improve the pilgrims' water-supply and sanitation; and in 1868-69 its mapping of Sinal helped to resolve problems of biblical scholarship. By 1875 the Survey's methods were so much in request overseas that it published an account of them in that year.

A combination of drive from the top and of military discipline throughout (for the Ordnance Survey was always had a strong military component) — though many difficulties in staff management resulted from its mixed civilian/military recruitment. Also important was the sheer challenge offered by the mapmaker's task; this helped to develop an esprit de corps which can be glimpsed in operation as early as 1819, at the "farwell feast" which concluded the trigonometrical survey's working session; an "enormous plum-pudding" was in evidence, followed by a party from which the officers "withdrew after drinking 'Success to the Trig'".

But this is not the place to narrate the Survey's history, which is simply told in the volume under review. Suffice it here to emphasize the magnitude of the difficulties that were eventually overcome, and to bring out from the detailed sequence of events five recurring obstacles to the success of the Survey whose unpredictable interaction makes up a sixth.

The first of these is simply that the world being investigated is perpetually in flux owing to industry's continually changing requirements of the landscape. Massive earthworks are thrown up by the canals, docks and

Symbolizing the scenery

By Brian Harrison

seaports of the early industrial period, by the railways of the 1840s, by the roadbuilding of the 1930s, by the motorways of the 1960s. Boundaries and patterns of settlement are transformed by shifts in the sources of industrial energy, by changes in farming methods and by the extensive housebuilding that has gone on throughout the twentieth century. Between the wars it was at last recognized that up-dating the Survey needed to be continuous rather than periodic.

But the problems arising from this first difficulty are compounded by the second: the continuously changing, even fluctuating, but ultimately mounting demands made by politicians and administrators. Sanitary and franchise reform, the commutation, legislation on enclosures, the demands of the census and of town and country planning, the land registration demanded by the land reformer and the conservation demanded by the antiquarian — all these bring increasing and diverse pressures to bear on the mapmaker.

Still more disruptive are the requirements of war, whose demands the authorities always regarded as paramount within the Survey's brief. The army's thirst for personnel at first drains off staff, only to uncover a thirst for military maps that is far more urgent than in peacetime. During the First World War, remarkable feats were performed by the Survey in providing the detailed overseas maps required by trench warfare. During the Second World War — despite all the destruction, decentralization and disruption — the total annual number of cylinder revolutions in map printing rose twenty-four-fold.

Commenting on the Survey in 1886, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* saw its military element as "at once the framework, the backbone, the substratum on which the stability of the whole body depends". Yet here is a military operation whose general social utility in peacetime is patent. The Survey therefore seems something of an anomaly to those Liberal and Labour politicians whose outlook on the world assumes an inevitable conflict between the demands of war and the needs of education. Indeed, one of twentieth-century Britain's most attractive educational success-stories has surely been the Survey's series of historical maps, pioneered from the 1920s by the splendidly individualistic O. G. S. Crawford; the latest of them, *Britain before the Norman Conquest*, appeared in 1974.

But the Survey is also in some ways difficult for the Right to assimilate as well, and here lies the third of its major difficulties: the ambiguity of its relationship with the state. For the Survey's continuous growth offers a perennial affront to the more doctrinaire twentieth-century enthusiasts for private enterprise. There have been recurrent problems throughout its history about the pricing of maps produced partly to meet governmental need, and about the marketing and copyright of maps which the taxpayer has helped to finance, and which the private maker and seller of maps regards as a source of simultaneous peril and profit.

One of the Survey's major difficulties has been the impact made by short-sighted governmental action, which merely build up a backlog of survey work requiring subsequent remedy. The full force of the Godden Axe was felt in the 1920s, yet already by the 1930s the requirements of government itself were compelling a large recruitment of staff to rectify the defects thus created.

Nor has this aspect of the story yet ended; for the Survey surely offers a prime example of that steadily mounting, "unproductive" government activity that is, at present, under attack. It is a Quango ripe for abolition in the present government's silly campaign against institutions which — to my mind at least — have long provided admirable opportunities for encouraging participation in public

affairs, and for economizing on government expenditure by enlisting the voluntary labour of the public-spirited. From its earliest days, the Survey was able to get its work monitored by local volunteers, whether they were local clergymen advising on place-names or antiquarian societies localizing a tumulus. When compiling his historical maps, Crawford between the wars drew upon a whole network of informal contacts so as to refine the accuracy and completeness of his product.

The fourth among the Survey's continuing difficulties will now be obvious: the near-impossibility, at least before the age of the computer, of harmonizing the different aspects of its work so as to secure maximum productivity and speed of production. If governmental requirements, retail demand and speed of survey-work are difficult to predict, production schedules in the Survey's several departments all too easily get out of phase.

Nor is the situation always helped by the fifth perennial difficulty: the continuous need to respond to technological change. By the 1850s the Survey was already experimenting with photographic reproduction, and during the twentieth century it has battled to overcome the problems presented by aerial photography, improved printing techniques, automated surveying and the advent of a computer (in 1968) further complicated the picture, so that it remains a matter for surprise that the maps get published at all, let alone that they attain such a high standard.

But it is time to turn to the book that has given rise to these reflections, and it is praise indeed to say that the labour involved in compiling it is

reminiscent of the work that the Survey has itself entailed during the past two centuries. Like the enterprise it describes, the book is one of those academic projects that proceed quietly on their way over a long period, requiring great tact and dedication from their navigators, and reaping unending gratitude from subsequent scholars once they have got into port.

Launched in 1963, this first comprehensive study of the Survey's history ran into a host of difficulties. The first editor was killed in a motor accident in 1970, and the second had to withdraw in 1974, by which time uneven progress had been made on the various chapters. 1976 saw a final draft complete, but radical structural alterations then seemed necessary, and two further years were absorbed in re-arranging the material; by which time the project had lost all chance of government funding for its publication. So we must be pleased that the book has appeared at all, and congratulate both the contributors, on the wealth of valuable information it has collected, and the publishers on its handsome presentation.

The contributors are not historians, but geographers, librarians and map-makers. The restructuring of 1976-78 has dispersed their contributions throughout the book's thirty-five chapters, and authorship of any one section is not readily identifiable; this is therefore a collaborative work in the best sense. Thoroughly documented, with twenty-seven plates (some of them in colour) and a good index, it draws extensively on official administrative records and parliamentary papers, and manages to bridge over the gap created in the

the only handy, affordable guide to the key reference sources for the whole field of human knowledge

A. J. Walford's three-volume *Guide to Reference Material* has for many years been the reference librarian's *bade mecum*. Now, with the publication of the concise edition, this comprehensive critical guide is available in a handy format, at a price to suit the individual. *Walford's Concise Guide to Reference Material* retains all the features that have made the full edition such a valued reference tool:

- original and succinct critical annotations
- key, authoritative review quotations
- full bibliographic references
- vast range of publications included
- clear system of headings, sub-headings and cross-references
- overseas and foreign language texts included

Walford's Concise Guide to Reference Material is tailor-made

- for individual researchers, providing them with a perfect springboard for the initial stages of their work

- for librarians in smaller libraries, where limited space and funds restrict the scope of reference collections

- for students needing to discover and consult the authoritative sources for the subjects of their studies

434 pages ISBN 0 85365 882 X
£14.75 to 30 September 1981; £17.50 thereafter

LA Library Association Publishing

To: Publicity Department, Library Association Publishing, 7 Ridgmount Street, London WC1E 7AF

Please send me a fully descriptive leaflet for *Walford's Concise Guide to Reference Material*.

Name

Address

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Walford's Concise Guide to Reference Material

Walford's Concise Guide to Reference Material

MACMILLAN REFERENCE BOOKS



CALENDAR OF CREATIVE MAN

JOHN PAXTON and
SHEILA FAIRFIELD

Nominated for the Library Association
McColvin Medal 1980

A fascinating comparison of man's
achievements in all aspects of the arts, from
500 AD to the present. Clearly laid out in
chronological tables and generously
illustrated with colour plates and line
drawings.

£17.50 544pp 0 333 18157 3

CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTS

EDITED BY MURIEL EMANUEL

Named as 'Outstanding Reference Book of
1980' by the American Library
Association.

Just one word describes this biographical
monument - MAGNIFICENT
- New Zealand Architect

'a remarkable book. None of greater
importance to the architectural profession'
- Sir Frederick Gibbard CBE, RE

'its value to the profession and to the public
will prove invaluable'
- Colonel R. Seifert

£35.00 1184pp 0 333 25289 6

EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER

Justly famous for many years, this new and
completely up-to-date edition of *Every Man's
Own Lawyer* provides a lucid, readable and
impartial outline of law for the layman.

Covering matters such as housing rights,
unfair dismissal and marital disputes, it will
save considerable time and could avoid
unnecessary legal fees.

£15.00 cloth 0 333 21849 3
£7.95 paper 0 333 31835 8

THE HISTORICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD WAR TWO

This massive, yet concise and
comprehensive work is the result of research
by a team of internationally known scholars.
Their range is as vast as the war itself and
makes this an essential reference work on
the war.

Macmillan Telegraph
£15.00 848pp 0 333 28211 4



4 Little Book Street, London WC2N 2LJ

Modern means worse

Hermione Lee

A. C. WARD (Editor)

Longman Companion to Twentieth-
Century Literature
Third Edition

598pp. Longman. £12.50.
0 582 35307 6

It's a surprise to find "Napoleon Bonaparte" as an entry in a Companion to Twentieth-Century Literature, but here he is, in his less familiar role as "Detective in novels by Arthur Upfield". The entry is characteristic of the old-fashioned eccentricities of this reference book, which has been "revised" by Maurice Huey but which has retained plenty of A.C. Ward's gentlemanly, antiquated preferences and prejudices.

The entries consist of names (not only of authors but also of critics, artists, philosophers etc.), titles, plot summaries, names of characters, and general entries dealing with terms (like Naturalism), institutions (like PEN) and genres. Throughout, there is an acknowledged emphasis on English literature, but gestures are made towards Commonwealth, African, Indian, European and American writers. If the volume were called "Companion to Twentieth Century English Literature" this might be acceptable, but, given the wider claims of the title, its balance is very unequal. Outta space from the absurdity of giving less space to Kafka, Mann, or Strindberg than to Eric Linklater, C. S. Lewis or Sir

Neville Cardus, there are omissions of many important European figures - Arendt, Adorno, Bachelard, Barthes, Benjamin, Cassirer, Hofmannsthal, Huysmans, Karl Kraus, Lukács, Obaldia - and of Americans such as John Ashbery, Randall Jarrell, Anaïs Nin and Flannery O'Connor. Within its own parochial limits there are gaps (Kenneth Allott, George Stainer), mistakes ("Kimbrell" O'Hara, Willie Cather's "The Last Lady") and peculiar weightings: Henry Green and Stieve Smith get shorter entries than say, Sir Newman Flower, director of Cassell's and author of books on Haezel and Schubert. *The Archers* and *The Brains Trust* are in, but not *The Goon Show* or *Coronation Street*. *The Wind in the Willows*, Peter Poi and *Watership Down* (described as a "rabbit epic") have their own entries; why not, then, *The Lord of the Rings*, or *Winnie the Pooh*? The only apparent logic of selection seems to be a preference for the traditional over the experimental or difficult, for *Lark Rise or The Good Companions* or *Walden* (the latter's poetry over "Ash Wednesday") (it is explicable only in its own mystic-poetic language) or *Ulysses* (The reader requires a commentary to understand the major part of the novel).

The accounts of individual writers and their works are bland, relying heavily on phrases like "it has been critically acknowledged as of the greatest importance", and sometimes questionable. Roethke "found no public outside America". Iris Murdoch's later novels "displayed some loss of coherence, and over-preoccupation with symbolism and sexual vagaries".

Dorothy Richardson's Miriam Henderson "is so enduringly dull that the merits of the author's experimental techniques are obscured". Virginia Woolf's characters "are deficient in flesh and blood and homo and insufficiently differentiated from one another". Bockolt's self-liberation "from virtually all theatrical conventions" sprang from "his understanding that nothing had any real existence". These remarks are typical of a breathtaking insensitivity to and ignorance about modernist and post-modernist writing.

Such an attitude to twentieth-century literature has a political basis. The entries on "avant-garde", "beat", "gay liberation", "hippies", and "structuralism" ("phenomenology" and "post-modernism" are not listed) sound like old-time leaders: "Any widening of the gap between writers and readers should be deplored and unrepentantly experimental writers may in the end only serve to make such gaps more permanent". The book's reluctance to come to terms with the movements in thought and literature which it is supposed to be covering (and which are much more competent to deal with in the *Panorama Dictionary of Modern Thought*) is accompanied by a comical prissiness about sexual matters. Arnold Bennett's marriage was "an inharmonious union"; Peter Pears was Benjamin Britten's "lifelong colleague"; J. M. Cain, author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, was noted for his "avoidance of sexual reticence"; in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, "intercourse is described in colloquial terms employing words tabu in print until the result of the Chattoley case

ushered them into the literary world as a pair with their age-old usage". Katherine Mansfield is "too grossly", said to have resorted to "Galsworthy's treatment" "in search of a more realistic treatment of her husband's love... she herself already existing intellectual and emotional faculties, would make her as in a happily balanced and delicate wife."

In practical terms, it's hard to see the usefulness of many of the entries. General terms with no relevance to the century's literature are included (euphuism, filibustering, metaphorical poetry, negative capability, the Pre-Raphaelites) and named characters from minor or obscure works are solemnly listed: Alice Lloyd from *Room At The Top*, Ma O'Connell from John Drinkwater's *John Rastall*, Lieutenant Doolittle from Shaw's *Penny's First Play*, Lay plot summaries are given of John Massfield's *The Daffodil Fields*, and Meade Falkner's *The Newby Case*; the summaries of better-known works, there are gaps: Professor Oodoke is missed out of *A Passage to India*, Don Kilman from *Mrs Dalloway*, Dr. Monygham from *Nostramo*.

I suppose the book has a certain idiosyncratic English charm, and it must be the only reference work to existence which has Karl Marx and Mary Poppins. But to think of it being used seriously by schoolchildren and students (let alone, as the preface quaintly puts it, "as a guide to home reading") makes my blood run cold.

Scores by the score

By Gerald Abraham

The Catalogue of Printed Music in the
British Library to 1980

Volume 1, A-Anders. 404pp.

The Catalogue to be published in 62
volumes, £5,518 the set.

K. G. Saur.
ISBN for set 0 85157 900 0

The collection of printed music in the British Library, until 1973 the music section of the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum, contains some 970,000 items and may well have reached the million mark by the time the sixteenth volume of the present Catalogue appears in 1986. (The publishers promise one volume per month.) But that will cover only the twentieth century. However impressive the figure, it is not a surprising one, seeing that the nucleus dates from the 1760s. In a note in the prospectus Dr Hyatt King, Superintendent of the British Museum Music Room from 1948 to 1973 and then Music Librarian of the British Library until 1976, explains that

the basis of an ever-expanding collection came from music which was published in Great Britain, and was received at first through Stationers' Hall, then by deposit under various Copyright Acts from 1814 onwards. The International Copyright Act of 1852, which was effective until 1886, secured a large quantity of European music, mainly from France and Germany. Growth also came from large purchases of rare early music and of works by all the leading composers of each generation in Europe and America.

Yet to find one's way about one of the world's greatest libraries of printed music has hitherto been almost impossible without help - always readily given - by members of the staff. Although accession lists were printed for internal use from 1884 onward, the first generally available *Catalogue of Printed Music published between 1497 and 1800 now in the British Museum* was not published until 1912. Its coverage was stupendous though two supplements followed and special catalogues were issued for the Royal Music Library when George V deposited it on his accession in 1929 - our present Queen converted the loan to a gift - and for the Paul Hirsch Collection in 1951. Only now has it become possible to offer international scholars a key to the entire library.

Facts of the fighting

By Philip Warner

ROBERT GORALSKI

World War II Almanac 1931-1945
466pp. Unnumbered black-and-white
illustrations. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0 241 10573 0.

MARCEL DAUDOT, HENRI BERNARD,
HERBORD BRUGMANS, MICHAEL R. D.
FOOT, HANS-ADOLF JACOBSEN (Eds.)

The Historical Encyclopedia of World
War II
Translated by Jesse Dilco
346pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 27196 401 5

These interesting and useful books
contain a remarkable assortment of
facts and opinion. Neither volume is
large enough to afford full treatment to
each subject but each will be valuable
to anyone with a military history and
fascination in the general reader.

Robert Goraliski begins his *Almanac* because that was the year in which Japan launched an attack on China and the League of Nations failed to take effective action to stop the sub-

In a very few years they will no longer have to grub about in the Reading Room working copy compiled from the index cards and the index cards themselves, part printed, part handwritten by scribes like the one active in the 1820s who painstakingly gave Mozart the Christian names "Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus", as indeed he was christened. It will be some time before we get to Mozart, for this first instalment ends with "Anderson (Hilding)", a New Yorker who in 1912 published a four-page song entitled "Take a little Shloa to me" with "Lyric by Collin Davis". The range "A-Anders" includes none of the really great names of music, only second and third-raters and interesting historical figures. "Abel (Carl Friedrich)" is splendidly represented, with numerous original publications that must have been among the Museum's earliest acquisitions and with the most up-to-date complete edition by Walter Knappe (Cuxhaven, c. 1960-78), but not very much in between - a lament commentary on changing attitudes to an interesting historical figure. With Abilone the case is somewhat similar, but the valuable eighteenth-century editions are overwhelmingly outnumbered by those of the past twenty or thirty years. "Alberti (Domenico)" of the dreary basses - not to be confused with "Alberti (D.)" who published "Catching Butterflies" and "Lightly tripping" in 1839 and went on, if he was the same (D.), to concoct a harp fantasia on *The Bohemian Girl* in 1914 - is represented in fewer than a dozen contemporary publications and by one surprising item, an "O Jesu salvator. For four-part chorus for mixed voices with piano or organ" published at Wendover, of all places, in 1977.

The fifteenth-century master Alexander Agricola has just three entries - the *Opera Omnia* in the *Corpus mensuralis musicae* (1961-70); a priceless incoherent, the bass part of the book of his Masses published by Petrucci in 1504; and a modern edition of a chanson in a contemporary letter arrangement. Monteverdi takes a premature appearance thanks to the inclusion of some pieces in the *Lusitana Socrus* (Anwerp, 1633) "Alligri (Gregorio)" scores nineteen entries, of which fourteen - one might have guessed - are stragglers or de-rangements of his much too celebrated "Misoreto". All these composers lumped together would still be outweighed by "Abt (Franz Wilhelm)". That dreary nineteenth-century German composer of songs and psalm-songs is the most richly represented in the whole volume, with thirty-seven pages. One wonders what relation he was, if

any, to poor "Abt (Max)" who follows him with a total of two songs, "My Liddle is gone" (two copies, London, 1877 and 1878) and "Plead thou my cause O Lord. Sacred song" (London, 1879).

"Adam (Adolpho Charles)" gets twelve pages - much more for a "Cantique pour Noël" which, like *Si l'étoile Roi*, takes up a whole page, than for *Giselle*. And two other rather dimmed figures may be considered together, not only because they are near neighbours but because both had British connections. "Albeniz (Isaac)" gets a whole column of twenty-four entries for his "Tango" but the items which catch the eye are his operas with English libretti, *King Arthur*, "a Trilogy of lyrical dramas founded on the Morte d'Arthur", *Popa Jindrez*, "a Lyric Comedy" (both with texts by F. B. Monay-Coutts), and a "Comic Opera in two acts, written by A. Law". *The Magic Opal*, "Albert (Eugene Francis Charles d)" was born in Glasgow when his father "Albert (Charles Louis Napoleon d)" was pouring out quackeries, galleys and votes taking up more than eight pages while the composer of *Tiefand* needs less than two.

The two Soviet Aleksandrov always cause trouble - one distinguished British lexicographer killed them both off in Berlin on the same day - and even in this almost immaculate bibliographical exercise Aleksandr Vasil'evich has been allowed to annex Anatoly Nikolavich's "Cinquème sonate pour piano, Op. 22", although Anatoly Nikolavich claims the sonata's "vloga redaktstva 1938" (in handsome Cyrillic type). Incidentally, transliteration when necessary is admirable and I cannot praise too warmly the decision to adopt the spelling "Chaiovsky", with appropriate cross-references, for the composer of the "Pathétique" Symphony. One Soviet composer, Juhan Aevik, is in no need of transliteration - he is, was, Eseloniö - but since such items as "Laud Kodumaa, Valimik rahvalikele laule segakoorile" are likely to be sought only by his fellow-countrymen, explanation is perhaps unnecessary.

In his preface, Oliver Neighbour, the present Librarian, speaks of "an unfortunate notice that popular music did not merit the cost of cataloguing: from 1885 on entries were made for music judged to be ephemeral". However, arrears have now been overtaken up to the year 1999 and the *Catalogue* is considerably brightened by such titles as "When the snow up Ladies set like Sabab" and "I always think I'm in heaven when I'm down in Dieland" (by my near-namesake "Abraham (Maurice)").

An important bibliographical event
from Jay Landelman Limited

THE PRIVATE CASE

An Annotated Bibliography
of the Erotica Collection in the
British (Museum) Library

PATRICK J. KEARNEY

With an Introduction by
G. LEGMAN

THE PRIVATE CASE: Casbound in full cloth. Royal octavo (248 x 160mm x 9 x 6 inches), 160pp, and printed letterpress on 135gsm East Lancs High White Laid paper. This limited edition of a thousand numbered copies contains a facsimile reproduction of an unpublished letter from Havelock Ellis to Montague Summers on the subject of the Private Case. Typography and design by Anthony Frewin. ISBN 0 905150 24 4. May 1981. £45.00

JAY LANDELMAN LIMITED
ONE EIGHT NINE WEST OUSE STREET
LONDON WEST ONE
TELEPHONE: 01 439 1644

EUROPA PUBLICATIONS

Latest editions in this internationally respected
series of reference books. Each book annually
revised.

THE EUROPA YEAR BOOK 1981: A World Survey
3,600 pages Vol. 1 0 905118 59 6 £72 The Set
Vol. 2 0 905118 60 X (U.K. only)

THE INTERNATIONAL WHO'S WHO 1981-2
1,400 pages 0 905118 63 4 £35 (U.K. only)

THE WORLD OF LEARNING 1980-81
2,110 pages 0 905118 52 9 £42 (U.K. only)

THE FAR EAST AND AUSTRALASIA 1980-81
1,350 pages 0 905118 51 0 £35 (U.K. only)

AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA 1981-2
1,325 pages 0 905118 64 2 £35 (U.K. only)

THE MIDDLE EAST AND NORTH AFRICA 1980-81
980 pages 0 905118 50 2 £27 (U.K. only)

18 Bedford Square
London WC1B 3JN
Tel: 01-580 8236

The State of the World Atlas

MICHAEL KIDRON and RONALD SEGAL

This political atlas is revolutionary
both in content and form, using
creative cartography and
innovative graphics to portray the
many forces that will shape world
history in the eighties.

... an impressive achievement
... a book that will recast just
about everyone who reads it.
Time out

... a series of brilliant
cartographic devices and
positively dazzling set of maps
... deserves to be widely used
... both within schools, where it
could be invaluable and
outside. New Society

A Pluto Press Project
Heinemann Educational Books
22 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HH



cased £9.50 net

A transatlantic correspondence

V. F. Calverton (1900-1940) was a prominent American Marxist critic and editor of *The Modern Quarterly*. Throughout the 1920s he submitted various manuscripts and proposals for articles to T. S. Eliot's *The Criterion*: to be published by Eliot as Calverton's fondest ambition. Eliot delegated the correspondence to Herbert Read, then Assistant Keeper at the Victoria and Albert Museum, who served as Eliot's unofficial associate on *The Criterion*. Read was less categorical than Eliot in his rejection of the sociological Marxist criticism which Calverton learned from Georg Plekhanov, but his doubts, spelled out in a series of letters now among the V. F. Calverton papers in the New York Public Library, were substantial. Read also took the occasion of his correspondence with Calverton to state in a characteristically succinct and emphatic manner his views on aesthetics and other matters in this period.

The following selections have been made from nineteen letters Read sent to Calverton between 1924 and 1939, and are reprinted by permission of Mr Benedict Read on behalf of the Herbert Read Discretionary Trust, and by Mr Donald Anderle, Associate Director for Special Collections, V. F. Calverton Papers, Rare Books and Manuscripts Division, The New York Public Library (Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations).

Eric Homberger

December 5, 1924

I was extremely interested in your essay on Sherwood Anderson (in *The Modern Quarterly*, Fall 1924). It is the best piece of work of yours I have seen yet and goes far to justify your method. . . . The criticism I have to make amounts to this: that no science—sociology, psychology or whatever—is sufficient in itself as a basis for criticism. A particular science may be the best approach to a particular subject: I think this is true of the sociological approach to Sherwood Anderson. But generally philosophy in the sense of a synthesis of all the sciences is the only secure basis. . . . I don't mean anything mystical (I should be severe in Anderson) and of course I admit that everything has some physical basis. But to analyse it is not always to understand it.

But I would never call myself a Bergsonian; I don't like that attitude at all. I stand by the English empirical school. I feel their spirit in my very bones and anything new will for me be a development of that great tradition. My ambition is to relate literary criticism in some way with that tradition.

January 2, 1925

I saw Eliot last night and spoke to him about your proposal for an article on the New American Literature. He was quite interested & would like to see your essay, but naturally does not want to commit himself in advance. He asked me if I thought you would be drastic enough with Sherwood Anderson & Sinclair Lewis.

June 13, 1925

(In reply to Calverton's *The Newer Spirit: A Sociological Criticism of Literature*) As to the purpose & nature of sociological criticism, I think we are quite in agreement. Where I think I disagree is in making it an all-inclusive instrument. I believe that aesthetic values are more complex than you make out. That in general they are relative & important may be granted. But the aesthetic value of any particular work of art may be composed of several elements whose permanency is a matter of degree. I think there is one element which is as far as anything human can be: permanent & absolute.

Idea, and to a lesser extent feelings & sentiments, are subject to change. They go out of fashion, become dead, and so far as aesthetic value they are impermanent. (Some people would go so far as to deny that aesthetic

values can ever be dependent on ideas & subjective feeling. I don't agree.) But things are not subject to the same degree of flux & in so far as art is the objective presentation of the beauty of things, it is to that extent virtually independent of sociological developments.

I say "beauty of things," but I don't mean any emotional reaction. I am prepared to believe that art can make anything beautiful, merely by the formal organisation of its qualities. And in the category of "things" I should be inclined to include, not merely inanimate objects, events & so on, but all universal concepts, in the Aristotelian sense. I am prepared to find that these can be reduced to very few—such as apparently universal concepts as maternal love have undoubtedly changed with sociological conditions. But most concepts arising out of instincts can, I think be regarded as universal.

To sum up: I think that there can be, & that there does in fact exist a small body of art that is impersonal, objective, timeless; that this is even the purest type of art; & that sociological criticism must moderate its claims when confronted with this kind of art.

September 27, 1925

If we pursued it, I think I should probably demur at your concept of progress. You seem to have a conviction, on which perhaps your socialism is based, of the inevitability of progress. Again we must be relative. I see no reason, in known history or experience, to warrant such a faith. Evolution no doubt teaches us that man has evolved from the amoeba: but over millions of years which are absolutely meaningless to us. In the ten thousand years of which we have some partial knowledge, there is nothing to experience a checked career of no final result. We live in the present & although we can learn a little from the past & see a very little into the future, relatively we are creatures of the present and the only sane philosophy is one that recognises this fact.

The Criterion (I tell you this in confidence) may after this next number, disappear or suffer a "sea-change". The change will be, I think, for the good—away from patronage, towards liberty. But Eliot has been very ill & I have had no detailed discussion with him yet.

November 31, 1925

I met with [J. M.] Robertson for the first time a few weeks ago & had a great talk with him. I agree with you: he is a

great critic—much greater than is commonly appreciated. His essays on Coleridge & Poe are masterly—equal to any criticism in the language. And he is a very charming personality, genial & encouraging & without the least conceit.

The last number of *The Modern Quarterly* (Winter 1925) was the best you have produced. . . . I think you deal admirably & bravely—with Mencken & [Stuart P.] Sherman. Mencken is the only one of your subjects who really counts as a force in England, & largely because, as well as his vaudeville features, we recognise in him a certain representative value. He is American & not a weak academic reflection of a European. This I think you recognise—and rightly criticise. . . . I should like to see you devoting more space to experimental writers like Gertrude Stein. My complaint against the English socialists has always been that they were revolutionists in politics alone. *The Herald*, the *New Leader* & such papers are simply stupid in anything that concerns modern art or literature—quite impervious & obstinate about it. This was one of the causes of my disillusionment.

December 22, 1925

Eliot's long illness has been a terrible setback for us, but we hope to go forward with renewed energy next year.

March 6, 1926

I don't think it is any use disguising the fact that there is a fundamental opposition between your point of view and Eliot's. You stand for a proletarian spirit which he simply does not accept in any way, or regard as anything but the contrary of the cultural values he believes in. You will have your own reaction to that, but as a fact you must accept it. I too have had my doubts of your position, though I don't think they are so fundamental as Eliot's. But when you make a statement, such as that verse lib is a direct reflex of the break-up of bourgeois society (and it is some such statement that you do make towards the conclusion of one of the essays) then I feel that your conception of a sociological criticism has run away with itself and involved you in absurdities. I grow more and more convinced that aesthetic values are independent of social values, & that all that your method reaches is the unessential husk of literature—the fashions and trills and never the eternal values: *Eternal*—times, and in its usual context, I do too. But what I am sure of is that all that deserves the name of art endures, if only for a few minds, beyond the

temporal circumstances of its origin and immediate currency. . . .

February 20, 1929

(In reply to Calverton's *The Bankruptcy of Marriage*) The tendency towards the disruption of marriage as a social institution is undoubtedly in full force: but where will it land us? Companionate marriage & communal life—that is a brave adventure & I see nothing wrong in principle. But what I do rather value—not only personally, but as a foundation of social well-being—is that intangible factor which one might call intimacy or *Gemeinschaft* which the old order of things did give in most cases. If you destroy the stability of marriage you destroy the home, & with that you destroy a social & educational nucleus which frankly I do not see being replaced by anything in the new order of things. You cannot base a society on the fluctuating desires of the individual; at some stage a common order must intervene—a law that is greater than the individual & which subordinates the individual for the good of society. A marriage bond, indissoluble in all but exceptional circumstances, is such a law. It is made for society & not for the individual. The individual suffers, but society gains. . . .

I have these last few days been helping with the translation of what I think is by far the best war book to appear so far: *Im Westen Nichts Neues* [All Quiet on the Western Front], by E. M. Remarque, a young German author. Remarque here sent it to me to read & I urged them strongly to publish it & translation. In my opinion it is much finer than Barbusse's books & will last for all time as an authentic record of the experiences of the men who suffered most. It is terrible, but also beautiful. In Germany, where it was published on Jan. 31, it sold 70,000 copies in the first week.

August 8, 1930

But you must realize, if you have followed Eliot's trend of late, that the kind of criticism you represent becomes more and more antipathetic to him. I myself, as you realize, am by no means a partisan to your theories; the article (which Read proposed to write about Calverton) will be critical enough. But there are so many other things that Eliot wants me to do, that he would only consent with a bad grace to giving up his precious space to this particular subject.

There is not, of course, the slightest suggestion of personal bias in all this. In confidence I may say that there has been the same kind of difficulty about some interesting critical work submitted to *The Criterion* by the late Mr. . . . we are creeping about in the dark with little dim torchlight. Intellectually as well as actually, we are every magazine of any interest has closed down and literature and the arts are crowded out of the few papers that survive. Some brave souls—Cyril Connolly and Stephen Spender—are starting a new magazine as a sort of protest against this intellectual darkness, but I don't know what it is to be like. It is to be called *HORIZON*.

As for the war—I had better say too much if I want this letter to reach you. But my attitude is really one of fatalistic acquiescence. It seems to me to be futile to oppose it actively: that is only playing into the hands of the war and the state. And the longer it goes on the more chance there is of some revolutionary change in Germany, for it being an imperialist war, that you know, is a lot of bloody cant. It is just the death agony of the capitalist system. So let it go on till there isn't a kick left in the old corpse. Meanwhile new life has to be started somewhere.

to *The Criterion* by the Marxist critic [Boris] Eichenbaum. You wouldn't expect the Pope to give imprimatur to an exposition of Marxism, and that is about what it amounts to.

August 23, 1934

I was very impressed by the book, Raphael's book on *Friedrich Schlegel*. [It is] the most complete application of the Marxist method I have ever read. . . . I don't think I have made up my mind about Auden & Spender. I love them both well, and they are both genuine, but I am not yet sure that they are poets. Yes—Spender is a poet somewhere; Auden might be a dramatist, or even as a politician. But let us wait till they are in their thirties.

December 14, 1934

(In reply to Calverton's *The Poem of the Gods*) Though I am not religious, and never likely to be, nevertheless I believe in the reality of a *cosmos*, *innerlichkeit*, an individual intuition of truth which is beyond and superior to science. I find the evidence of it in aesthetic experience, but it is in its experience. It is the one fact that keeps me from becoming a complete Marxist. I am too good an anarchist.

February 20, 1937

The last chapter [of *Art and Society*] will give you my political position—it is a position. Actually it is an avowal of a position. Socialist, of course, and even Communist; but not Stalinist and not Trotskyist. To tell you the truth I feel more sympathy for the Spanish anarchists than for any other kind of politician, and I suppose my individualism will always prevent my being anything but an unwilling messenger in any regimented cry. I'm not proud of my isolation, but I feel inevitable. . . . *The Modern Quarterly* arrives fairly regularly, and I enjoy reading it with interest. I think its latest format is the best you have had, and hope it is finding a good sized public. *The Left Review* is the nearest thing to it here, but that is more or less orthodox Stalinist, of course. Your particular point of view hardly exists in this country.

November 29, 1939

we are creeping about in the dark with little dim torchlight. Intellectually as well as actually, we are every magazine of any interest has closed down and literature and the arts are crowded out of the few papers that survive. Some brave souls—Cyril Connolly and Stephen Spender—are starting a new magazine as a sort of protest against this intellectual darkness, but I don't know what it is to be like. It is to be called *HORIZON*.

As for the war—I had better say too much if I want this letter to reach you. But my attitude is really one of fatalistic acquiescence. It seems to me to be futile to oppose it actively: that is only playing into the hands of the war and the state. And the longer it goes on the more chance there is of some revolutionary change in Germany, for it being an imperialist war, that you know, is a lot of bloody cant. It is just the death agony of the capitalist system. So let it go on till there isn't a kick left in the old corpse. Meanwhile new life has to be started somewhere.

1. John Mackenzie Robertson (1863-1933): self-educated radical polymath, free-thinker, scholar, lecturer, colonialist, Liberal MP 1906-18. T. S. Eliot's essay "Hamlet and His Problem" (1919) was written as a review of Robertson's *The Problem of Hamlet*. He was a regular contributor to *The Criterion* and, from 1926, to *The Criterion* and *The New Leader*.
2. Bulfinch's translation of *The Waste Land* (1933) is credited to A. W. Wheen.
3. Eichenbaum (1886-1939), literary critic, professor at the Institute of Arts, Leningrad. A member of the Society for the Study of Poetic Language, Eichenbaum was a leading figure in the Formalist School.

Namesakes

My namesakes, the children of James Moore—Alfred, Marianne, Esther, George, Levy, Mark, Walter, Ann, and Ellen—

who, in 1860, together created, (though George was the moving spirit), this weighty, verified stone, seem to have made

more fuss of the dying of their prolific father than their next-door neighbours, the Reifs, made of burying

Robert Reif, who departed this life on December 15th 1884, or, to put it another way, Mary Ann Reif, his wife.

Despite these names, it's Reif, not Moore I write for, of an untimely death, and that rare gift of rhyming with oneself.

Hubert Moore

Interpreting the irruption

By Peter Hebblethwaite

EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX

On November 14 last, Edward Schillebeeckx, professor at the Catholic University of Nijmegen in the Netherlands, was sixty-six. I mention this for two reasons. First he has retained his post at the University beyond the usual retiring age of sixty-five because of difficulties about his successor (the faculty is prepared to consider an exception, the Vatican is not). Secondly Schillebeeckx is evidently determined, before retiring from the scene, to complete a great work which will be his *Summa Theologiae*. Volume one: *Christus* is Volume two; and the third volume, *The Holy Spirit in the Church*, is well on the way.

From the very succession of titles one can begin to grasp that Schillebeeckx was perfectly honest when he told the assessors of the Roman Congregation for the Doctrine of Faith, who had challenged his ordination that his work could not be judged until it was completed. His coronal opus. They had before them only *Jesus*, which was precisely not, as the unfortunate subtitle to the English translation suggested, "an experiment in Christology". It was, rather, a historical work which endeavoured, through a rigorous return to the sources, to re-establish the link, broken by modernism, between the "Jesus" of history and the "Christ" of faith.

There that there was someone known as "Jesus of Nazareth" who existed at a particular time and place, taught a doctrine of the over-riding Kingdom of God, lived in intimate relationship with God whom uniquely he called by the Aramaic term *Abba*, was crucified under Pontius Pilate and was held to have "risen from the dead"—all this was established by the first volume.

The purpose of the second volume is to show how the early Church responded to this historical experience and how it "thematized" its claims. The response was an interpretation of the life of Jesus in terms of the Jewish hope for a Messiah, a Saviour, the One who was to come, the Son of God, the "Second Adam". Consequently there is a clear methodological shift between the two books. *Jesus* sought out the historical bedrock (Schillebeeckx likes geological metaphors) which could be relied upon, and which sayings or *logia* of Jesus could really be assigned to him. *Christus* asks how people who saw in Jesus an irruption of the divine into human history tried to make sense of their astonishing experience and how we, today, can seek to make sense of a comparable experience. Whereas *Jesus* told the foundations for a Christology it did not develop, laying particular emphasis on the neglected strand of the Synoptic, *Christ* tackles the whole of the New Testament canon and inquires what the earliest Christian documents had to say about "Jesus, who is the Lord".

By Don Cupitt

PETER HUNCHLIFF and DAVID YOUNG

The Human Potential Christian faith as an approach to the everyday reality of this world. Hunch, Darton, Longman and Todd. 1980. Pp. 232. 550p. 8.

In an interview in 1963 the painter Francis Bacon said that "Man now realises that he is an accident, a commodity, a fluke. Not many people would put the point so starkly but the suspicion is widespread that since man's time the progress of natural science has confirmed his fears, with a nature too flawed and a consciousness too highly strung for any easy happiness. Man drifts apparently alone in an increasingly vast and alien Universe which offers nothing for him, which is not a place of a series of chances, and which (unless he destroys himself first, as some one too probably will) eventually annihilates him and all he holds dear."

Behind Russell, in a rhetorical passage, declared that this view of the human predicament must be the basis for any credible future philosophy of life. But few, if any, Western religious writers have as yet openly taken their stand on "the 'fluke' foundation of everything human". Nevertheless, it is a view that has been held by many of the great religious writers of the past. The need to believe in a transcendent reality, a reality beyond the human, has been a constant theme in human values. The need for a transcendent reality is a constant theme in human values. The need for a transcendent reality is a constant theme in human values.

the fear that he is a lonely and meaningless figure in a hostile, or at best impersonal, world."

A series of quotations will indicate the book's standpoint. Reality is not wholly mechanical, for at least there is a personal element, and "man is the fullest expression of the personhood that is at the heart and core of all existence". God is not to be seen as a transcendent "spiritual being wholly other than, and existing independently of, the physical universe". Instead, belief in God is "the claim that all existence has a personal basis or core". "God is the personhood for whom the universe is a continually unfolding vehicle". So there is an analogy between man and the cosmos, microcosm and macrocosm, God being to the world what man is to the human body; but this analogy should not be understood in a dualistic sense, for "material existence and God" are "continuous with one another". Faith is "to build one's life around the (rich possibilities) suggested by our own personhood". The answer to evil can only be practical: "It is to struggle 'alongside God' in the overcoming of evil and suffering. As for the Incarnation, 'to say that Christ is God and man is to say that the loving personhood which is at the core of everything that is, is to be expressed in human personhood in Jesus of Nazareth'. Prayer is not so much a matter of 'asking God for things' as rather 'a way of encountering the world' and 'coming to terms with reality'."

What evidence are we offered for the truth of this rather Hegelian form of theism? The authors think that some form of Design Argument might be valid, but their main appeal is to the general conformity with experience and its morally valuable effects. However, they are reluctant to speak of God as an individual distinct from the world; he experiences, and one is left

can hope to—and kept his head in the process. There are dozens of individual judgments that could, and surely will, be quibbled about. He chooses to treat I and II Timothy with Jude and II Peter. That distances the four epistles very properly from Paul, but seems almost to create a new author or a new "source". Sometimes his treatment of the Old Testament seems abrupt, though few would wish that he had written a still longer book. But short of going over the whole ground again—a decade's work—it is difficult to fault his exegesis or his main interpretative scheme.

If the assessors of the Congregation for the Doctrine of Faith are going through *Christus* with a fine tooth-comb they will find little to object to: the Christology they deemed lacking in the first volume is here abundantly provided. They have already conceded that the answers Schillebeeckx gave in his December 1979 "colloquy" are "satisfactory". They may still have further questions about how the "high" Christology of the New Testament, so masterfully displayed here, is to be related to the decisions of the early Councils and the subsequent life of the Church. The simple answer is that they must wait patiently for Volume three. Another answer, that can already be given, is found in the epilogue of *Christus* where Schillebeeckx, true to his conviction that the experience of God is best expressed in prayer and praise, offers us a creed, a eucharistic prayer and a version of the *Magnificat*. It will be a solace for the Roman Congregation to learn that Schillebeeckx, when not engaged in theological controversy, is at home busily praying.

There are some difficulties in the account of Christ given in the book. It is said that "a cultural shift . . . seems to have put Jehovah out of the reach of men who explain their history and environment in ways very different from those accessible to a first-century mind"; and it is also said that there is no way of getting back to the historical Jesus, because history and myth, fact and interpretation, are inextricably intertwined in the New Testament. Yet in spite of these difficulties we are told that the New Testament "seems to present a reliable picture of the kind of person Jesus was", and the authors go on to give detailed accounts of Jesus's life and character. They seem to be torn between the liberal protestantism which appeals to the "man Jesus", and the catholic modernism which admits that we have little or no objective knowledge of the historical Jesus and is perforce content to accept the New Testament as a total symbolic package, continually reinterpreted, by the Church.

Finally, one might criticize an account of Christian faith which is so heavily committed to reassuring us and promising us that we are not alone. The personhood becomes "stifling". The religious life has other dimensions, some harsh and tragic, some severe and strenuous and some cool and austere, which are not mentioned here.

LIBRARIANS

Librarian

We are looking for a qualified and experienced Librarian to co-ordinate our library services, with particular stress on servicing our Current Affairs Department and our Press Office. Salary will be according to experience. Please send a full curriculum vitae to Helen Auty, Staff Officer, London Weekend Television, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1 9LT.

LWN/T

London Weekend Television

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE OXFORD

Applications are invited for the post of

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

to be responsible for the day-to-day administration of a large academic library which also contains early printed books and manuscripts. Salary scale: £5,800-£10,267. Applicants should possess a University Degree and/or a professional qualification in Librarianship. Applications, stating age, and experience, with the names of two referees, should reach the Librarian, St. John's College, Oxford OX1 3JP, by 8 June. Further details may be obtained on application to the College Secretary.

TLS103

Librarian Appointments

Display on Classified Pages Single column centimetre

£5.20 Minimum space: 9cm x s.c. £46.80

Copy date Seven days preceding publication

Lineage Per line £1.00 Minimum three lines £3.00

Copy date Five days preceding publication Box number facilities £2.00

HOME EXCHANGES

Readers of the T.L.S. who want to let their own homes for a period, or to find a temporary one abroad, will in future be able to advertise the details in a special Home Exchange column in the paper. The T.L.S. is read in very many countries around the world, and especially widely read in the U.S.A., Canada and Australia—by members of the literary, publishing and academic communities. It is the ideal medium through which to arrange congenial accommodation on sabbatical or exchange visits to other countries. The rates are £6.00 per single column centimetre and £1.20 per line. For further details contact:

Marle Corbett on 01-837 1234

or write to:

T.L.S.

P.O. Box 7

The Times Building, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ